



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 27 – Number 7

November 2009

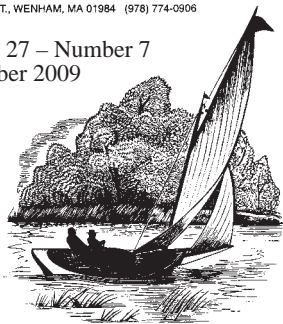
Special Features This Issue
“Steam’s Up at Lees Mills”
“Jitterbug... A West Wight Potter Visits Bahamas”
“A Canoe Cruise in Ireland”
“The *Bluenose II* was in Town”
“Notes on the Susan Skiff *Natalia*”



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29 BURLEY ST., WENHAM, MA 01984 (978) 774-0906

Volume 27 – Number 7
November 2009



US subscription price is \$32 for one year.
Canadian / overseas subscription prices are
available upon request
Address is 29 Burley St
Wenham, MA 01984-1043
Telephone is 978-774-0906
There is no machine

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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



I spent a Saturday morning in early September at the Gloucester Maritime Heritage Center in nearby Gloucester, Massachusetts, the oldest working fishing port in the country. Long before the Pilgrims arrived at Plymouth in 1620, Portuguese fishermen were spending summers fishing off what would become the New England coast, based in the protected natural harbor where Gloucester would come into being. While the city has attracted its share of upscale condo developments along its scenic coast and also has long had an old, entrenched old money class owning much of the shoreline, it is still very much a working blue collar community. This past year Phil Bolger and Susanne Altenburger have been telling us at length about their efforts to help sustain that fishery in the face of today's high costs of commercial fishing.

I made this short visit to look in on the arrival of the schooners for the annual races held over Labor Day weekend each year. In particular I went to see the Nova Scotia flagship schooner *Bluenose II*, and my report is elsewhere in this issue. What I found was really a schooner yacht, brightwork everywhere, polished and beautifully maintained for its role today as an ambassador. Only two Banks dories on its deck, just enough to show the folks what they looked like.

Gloucester was the homeport of thousands of fishing schooners that worked the Grand Banks off Newfoundland for over 100 years. It has a Fishermen's Monument and cenotaph with the names of over 1,000 crewmembers who did not come home over those years. I recall my second ever movie seen (the first was *Heidi* starring Shirley Temple) at age 7, *Captains Courageous*. It starred Spencer Tracey and Freddie Bartholemew (whatever happened to him?) in what was a melodramatic tearjerker about the tragedies of the fishing fleet. It was indeed a harsh livelihood and bred tough people, many descendants of whom survive today in the trade in the city, albeit fishing from steel Diesel powered trawlers.

No working schooners from Gloucester's past were on display this year. The one real honest one, the *Adventure*, was on the hard a half-mile down the harbor front away from all the glamour, still undergoing costly and apparently everlasting restoration work. It's been about 21 years now since she was given to the city by her owner, as she was no longer certifiable for carrying passengers in Maine's dude schooner trade which had been her last working career.

In 1993 I was privileged to sail aboard her in the last year she was allowed to sail. She was crewed by volunteers who had been working on her restoration already for five years. I was a press junketeer but did earn my fare with a major story on her in the October 15 issue that year. It was a great sailing day with a strong southwest wind and *Adventure* romped along the coast as she must have once done in her working years. It was a grand experience.

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts also has a schooner, the *Ernestina*, but she, too, was undergoing repair work in far off New Bedford and was not on hand. But her enthusiastic volunteers (the Commonwealth doesn't have much money to spend on an old schooner, it seems) had a table set up with historical photos and were happy to tell us what was up. I have also sailed on *Ernestina* in the '90s when I was volunteering for a Boston group that took persons with disabilities out for adventures in the outdoors.

Like the *Adventure*, there was an aura about the *Ernestina*, a REAL original vessel that had REALLY once earned a living in the fishing trade, with all its wear and tear and blemishes from years of hard work right out there to see and feel, that affected me much more strongly than all the polish and glamour of the *Bluenose II*.

While I was walking the deck on the *Bluenose II* viewing her gleaming presence in detail, another schooner motored by from further up the inner harbor (sails still furled in the inner harbor). It was the privately owned and financed 65' *Thomas Lannon*, Gloucester's only dude schooner. The *Lannon* was a dream of her owner, Tom Ellis, who sold everything he owned to have her built on the site of the Story Shipyard in nearby Essex where hundreds of Gloucestermen were built in the 1800s and early 1900s. She was built in the traditional manner by Essex builder Harold Burnham, the 28th Burnham to operate a shipyard in that town. On this day the *Lannon* was earning her keep with a cargo of tourists headed out to sail where the races would take place off Eastern Point the next day.

I chronicled the *Lannon's* building and launching during 1997 and subsequently enjoyed an evening sail with many of her friends and supporters when she was ready to go to work. Now 12 years later she's still at work. While she is only a dozen years old, she is the real thing, a traditionally built wooden Gloucester fishing schooner, albeit today hauling tourists rather than fish.

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On the Cover...

The steam launch *Halcyon* is still doing her thing over 100 years after she was built as a naphtha launch for use on New Hampshire's Newfound Lake. Her lapstrake wooden hull stood out amongst the fleet of predominately fiberglass replica launch hulls at the 37th Annual Lees Mills Steamboat Meet, pictured at length in this issue.

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Richard Bode wrote this memoir as an attempt to come to terms with the loss of his parents in an automobile accident when he was ten. He was at camp and his Uncle Bert drove up, sat on a log with him, and told him what had happened. Richard never returned to his home but moved in with his aunt, uncle, and cousin to Bay Shore, along Long Island Sound.

Soon Richard was exploring the swamps, ponds, saltwater creeks, and canals that bordered the sound. Boats were everywhere; cabin cruisers, yachts, dinghies, and sailboats. Once, on a long hike with his cousin Sarah, he stood watching a sailboat tack back and forth, back and forth toward Fire Island. Although he stood on the shore he became the skipper of that blue sloop. The image stayed with him and he would return, time and again to search for that sloop.

(As a kid I spent hours wandering in dark pine forests, paddling a canoe around Old Point Comfort and shoveling off the snow from the frozen lake before I put on my hockey skates to swerve, curl, and sneak off on a fast break. These images stay with me, so much so that I still feel and hear the water lapping against the canoe, the carving of the skate into the ice, the bursting flutter of ruffled grouse from beneath an old log.)

In junior high a classmate invites Richard aboard his homemade 12' sailboat. They teach each other how to sail. The next summer a chum at school shows him his father's unused duck boat, sloughed off in the mud. The boy's father offers the boat to Richard who rigs it to sail, caulking the ribs and replacing the rusty screws. She sails, not well or fast, but good enough.

Sure enough, while out sailing he spots the blue sloop. Talking to the owner of a nearby boatyard, he learns that it is a 23' Timber Point. Richard keeps sailing the duck boat,



Book Review

Blue Sloop at Dawn

By Richard Bode
Dodd Mead, New York, 1979

Reviewed by McCabe Coolidge

named *Lively Lady*, but he yearns to sail the blue sloop. The winter before his senior year in high school Richard wanders through boatyards and discovers that the blue sloop is for sale. Taking a risk he bargains with his uncle. Richard pays \$550 of the \$1200 and his uncle pays the rest. He names the blue sloop *Circe*.

He sails her through the rest of high school and through four years of college, winning races, entertaining young women, finding the anchor to replace the loss of his parents. Tacking, gybing, and heading downwind, then returning at dusk to the dock, Richard sinks into the embracing solitude of sailing and becomes a very good sailor. During the winter months he works on her, imaging the dependent southwest breezes of summer.

(Like Richard, I lost a parent at a very young age and when I reflect on my time alone on the waters of northern Michigan, I know now what I was doing, learning how to trust the natural world to comfort as well as to challenge me.)

Richard grows older. Graduation leads to a job, leads to marriage, leads to a child, and no time for *Circe*. Richard makes a late summer visit and finds his *Circe* sunk in a creek. He hires the boatyard to haul her out and repairs her planks and puts her up for sale. She has a new owner within a week.

(During these long winters in the mountains of southwest Virginia I sit in my rocking chair and rehearse the boats I've owned, the waters I've sailed, yearning for the return of spring. At the age of ten I was given an old duck boat with a 5½ Johnson on her stern. At 12 my dad bought me an old wooden Sailfish which I taught myself to sail and sailed her for ten years. Next was a wooden Flying Dutchman, probably my favorite. Just a nip of wind and she would take off like a racehorse.

That was more than 35 years ago. Last week I traded my 25-year-old Sunfish for a 35-year-old Laser. As I tacked out of the cove of a nearby lake, the wind freshened and, like a bass hitting my line, the sail tightened, the Laser tilted, I leaned out and we carved through the blue waters.

On Sunday I am going out again. This week I've caught myself dreaming and imagining the westerlies, the blue hull of the old Laser, and me, taking on the waves and wind. I become that 12-year-old on the Sailfish, that 30-year-old on the Flying Dutchman, and the 66-year-old on the Laser. Still adventuring.)

Fourteen years later Bode wrote the famous *First You Have to Row a Little Boat*, followed three years later by *Beachcombing at Miramar*. Looks like Richard is still adventuring.

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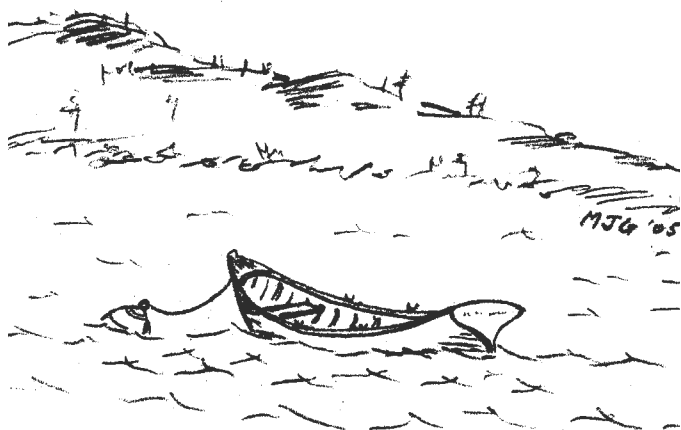
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From the Journals of Constant Waterman

By Matthew Goldman

Every boat is entitled to snag one lobster pot warp in her travels. *MoonWind's* rudder mounts on her skeg with scarcely clearance between. Somehow a bight of the warp managed to insinuate itself between the two above the lower bearing where the clearance is more ample. Suddenly my forward progress ceased. Fortunately the breeze was weak and my sails merely slatted about. I fished out the straining warp with my boat hook and attempted to free it from the rudder. Then I tipped my outboard into the drink and attempted to back up, perhaps pull from a different direction. Steering proved difficult.

This is when I should toss my mermaid over the side and make her earn her keep. My mermaid went on sabbatical and left me to my own devices. These proved a bit less than adequate. The pot buoy bobbed behind me, a long length of $\frac{3}{8}$ " Manila tethered me to it. I wondered whether a lobster pot was jammed against my bottom. Something was. Eventually I asked pardon of the lobsterman and severed his warp.

The helm seemed a bit stiff and the lobsters affected my steering. I vowed I would take my revenge with melted butter. Fortunately I had but five miles to traverse. I managed to make the full turn to get into my slip and made her fast. From the finger pier I could discern another small buoy tucked against my rudder. No wonder she favored a starboard helm. But the lobsters had refrained from hitching a ride.

I tried to remove this buoy with my boat hook. That provided me entertainment for 15 or 20 minutes. Tomorrow, I vowed, I'm diving down there, my knife between my teeth in true mariner fashion, and deal with the problem. Hopefully to deal with the solution as well.

The following day I drowned myself several times without much success. I did manage to come away with a pretty white styrofoam buoy with a blue stripe around it. Now I have something to hang on my garage like all of the other guys. However, a piece of cordage remained jammed behind my rudder. My boss came by to cheer me on. In addition to being a boat designer and builder, he happens to be a professional diver. He kicked off his sandals, took off his tee shirt, and hopped in.

"Give me your knife for a minute," he said. On his third attempt he surfaced with a bit of cord in his hand. Easy as that. "Of course, my minimum fee for diving is \$150," he cheerily informed me. I unshipped my tiller and stove in my piggy bank. Wouldn't be the last time.

Last weekend, he came groveling for a favor. "I need you to fix my anchor light," he explained. I strapped myself into the bosun's chair as he took a third turn on the winch with his main halyard. "Just be sure to have fun up there," he reminded me.

I'd like to catch the fellow who designed that anchor light. The dome was through bolted, the nuts so recessed that neither a wrench nor nut driver proved possible. A little pair of needle nose vise grips finally did the job. I dropped the three number six nuts four times but caught each on the second bounce. I had fun enough to share with several people. Turns out he had a faulty connection. Took me mere minutes to fix it. Replacing the dome took only another half hour.

My boss was truly appreciative but you should have seen his eyes roll when I handed him my bill.

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Beavers at Work

In July several of us from the Norumbega WCHA Chapter once again enjoyed paddling on the beautiful Tully River in central Massachusetts. High water levels made things different well upstream beyond Long Pond, some of the ever-present beaver dams were submerged. But then we came to one that was holding back about 15" of water. This was a first class structure being well maintained.

After some discussion two of us decided to get past this obstacle. They took the Old Town Discovery composite up and over and then returned the easy way, full speed right over, damn the torpedoes. Fun in a plastic craft but perhaps it would have been a little unwise in a good wood/canvas boat.

Steve Lapey, Groveland, MA



Designs...

PakYak News

A year or so ago I got an email from a guy named Gage Wilkinson. He wanted to model my PakYak frame with a computer program and then build one. But he wanted to build the newer version, which I have not fully documented on my website, so he needed some help from me.

It turned out that Gage was a high school student doing this as a shop project. He entered his project in the Skills USA competition, took first place in Indiana last winter, and recently placed ninth in his division in the national competition in Kansas City.

So, thanks to Gage and his shop team, I figure my PakYak is now officially one of the top ten shop projects in the country. Quite an honor.

Gage has been documenting the entire process on his Indiana PakYak blog so you can learn all the details if you are interested. And he might have a few PakYaks he'd like to sell to help pay the competition expenses. His blog site is <http://indianapakyak.blogspot.com>. Another is <http://robroy.dyndnsinfo/pakyak>.

My own PakYak page is at <http://sites.google.com/site/jimheter.pakyak-page>.

Jim Heter, Sheridan, OR



Information Wanted...

Rigging a Bolger Teal

My husband and I just bought a Teal sailboat. We were told that it was a Bolger design. He is trying to figure out how the sails are rigged. We hoped you may be able to help us. We bought our boat at the St Michaels Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum annual boat auction. We have been members there for a few years now, and visitors long before that. Please let me know if you can help us. Thank you very much.

Lynn and Bob Saltzman, Saltzlyn@aol.com

Opinions...

I'll Bet You've Met This Guy, Too

Sometimes I see him at the launch ramp. Sometimes it's on the dock right here in the marina. I've even run into him out on the road in a rest stop or RV park. He's the guy with this almost new stinkpot, the one with the Chevy 350 plumbed into those really sexy through-transom straight stacks. Yeah, you know the guy.

He's the one trying to figure out how to tie that humungous inflatable towing thing into his boat's drink holder and woofer/tweeter infested, but cleatless, arctic white upholstery. He never seems to consider the notion that that son of a mutant ninja inner tube could be deflated and stowed. He's usually the guy with at least a half dozen wake boards and water skis festooned on a chrome jungle gym-like apparatus, surmounting a color accent coordinated Sunbrella edifice, neither of which seem to require dismantling or stowage for trailering either. Now you remember him, don't you?

Well anyway, I saw him again today. I was pulling *Plum Duff's* sail covers off and stowing them in the lazarette next to the emergency towing lines, standby third anchor and rode, storm jib(s), personal harnesses and tethers, and Mae Wests. I was either folding the main cover into that square shape that lays small and doesn't foul stuff or maybe reeving the jib sheets. Something like that. Anyway, he actually stopped talking on his Bluetooth and smiled at me.

He not only smiled, he actually started talking to me. Yeah. I was a bit shocked and wasn't sure if I was going to need the address and emergency phone numbers for the nearest Starbucks or, more likely, a professional referral to the people who supply those ropes with the loops already in them. Anyhow, I smiled back at him, and waited for the Big Guy to come to the point.

"My wife says we should have a sailboat. She thinks they're kinda cute. My brother-in-

law took me sailing once. It's a lot of work." And with that manifesto he was gone.

I was still thinking about that a few minutes later as I two-blocked the jib and trimmed it in to port. The leech just kissed the spreader as the three turns on the coaming winch compressed into a tight little coil. Seems like I should have had something to say back to that guy. Seems like.

As the ol' girl took that first puff, rolled her rail a bit closer to the water, and began to accelerate I was still pondering what the guy said. I know, he says that to all of us. But do you suppose if he had come along with me and sat there in the forward corner with his back to the bulkhead, there on the port side, he would have let the boat sort of cradle him as he watched the wave train start to build? Maybe he might have put a couple fingers on the tiller and sort of toyed with the spot where the laminations are beginning to break the varnish and felt the counter-thrusts of wind and water meet right there, under his fingers. Maybe if he took a short pull against the mainsheet fiddle block and checked to see if the little wrinkle had disappeared from above the top batten pocket he would have also felt the thrum of the taught cordage. Maybe he would have braced his foot against the lee seat riser and felt one with the boat as she assumed a transitory, but just about perfect, balance between all those unseen forces of heel, and ballast, and buoyancy.

But like he said, "Sailboats. They're a lot of work."

Dan Rogers, San Diego, CA



Messing About in 2904

I noted the typo on page 31 of the September issue above the photograph of the 18-footers at full sail (as previously published in *The Rudder* of 1904, not 2904) and thought, why wouldn't messers in the year 2904 be sailing the same waters, under the same clouded sky, in wooden boats they will have built 895 years from now? After all, we've done so for a thousand years and a thousand years before that.

Coincidentally my next (and second) build hopes to be the Atkin catboat "Tom," coming in at about 18'. But it gives one pause to think something yet to be built will, of course, have ceased to be, along with any memory of it by 2904. Luckily for me such musings are temporary. Spreading the boat

plans across the kitchen table, I contemplate the future of merely the next five years. Now about those portlights... round or cateye?

Tim Holter, Oakdale, MN

Having a Busy Summer

Fortunately, the summer has been busy for us with a rare mid-summer commission to build a Walter Simmons Sunshine for a delightful Connecticut customer (just delivered several weeks ago, see photo). Sail was supplied by Stuart Hopkins of Dabbler. Have had lots of repairs as well, I am currently repairing an antique Merrymeeting Bay duckboat for a repeat Maine customer. This activity has slowed down the development of the Matinicus, but for good reasons.

The unfortunate passing of Phil Bolger is a great loss. I will miss him but hope that Susanne will continue the monthly articles

Paul Labrie, Labrie Small Craft, www.labriesmallcraft.com



This Magazine...

About Changes

I write in response to the letter advocating changes in your magazine's content written by Mr Bruce Barbarasch which appeared in the July 2009 issue. I almost wrote "our" magazine, which might explain why his letter stung a bit and why I've spent so much time thinking about it. I think *MAIB* is right at the top of the short list of magazines that I read when they arrive in the mail.

Your editorial success, I think, is that you let the readers tell their stories. Bruce is right, print is better for this kind of thing. And tightening up the stories and making them shorter and more direct kind of defeats the idea that *MAIB* is the "dirt road" while others are the "freeway." I'm not interested in any more slick magazines "on the freeway" with showy advertisements for clorox bottles and more things to buy to display to the neighbors. So I admit it, I am biased in favor of your current approach.

That's not to say I enjoy each and every article to the same extent, or even at the same time. Many of the articles do wander around just as Bruce noted. Robb White's articles, bless him, were masters of that genre. Editing his writing would have destroyed it, but few of us can write at that masterful level, perhaps a bit of selective editing would be OK. It would be with me. Stories do wander, but if I lose interest I stop reading the article

and move to the next one. I'm often surprised how often I end up reading every article and the ads, for that matter, in every issue of the magazine. And certainly I go back every two or three years and sequentially re-read all the old issues as far back as I have them (into the '80s with the occasional exception).

I would imagine, from what I've read in your editorial column, that editing *MAIB* and having a life are two full-time occupations. So if you have the time for an occasional edit, it's fine with me (certainly my own writing could stand the editing)! And if you don't, we readers get the writer's unvarnished experience, just as we'd have heard it while drying out our gear after a day on the water.

Pete Leenhouts, Port Ludlow WA

Format Too Long

Your knew (sic) monthly format is too long for me. Too many articles. Send some of them back for condensing and more graphics. I could rip the monthly in half and set the halves aside for a subsequent period.

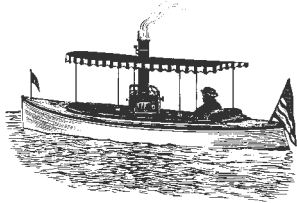
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Mayo Snyder, Cooperstown, NY

We're Committed

So long as you are committed to continuing though October 2010, here's my extension. Keep it coming!

Joe Thompson, Williamstown, MA



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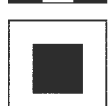
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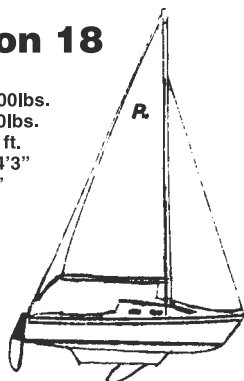
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Plans (two sheets that can be use for several canoes - both solo and tandem - for a 10½' boat up to a 11½' boat - \$45 including mailing
Kayak plans (three sheets) that can be used for boats ranging from 11½' to 15½' - \$60

Partial kit - includes 2 brass stem bands, 30 northern white cedar ribs, 4oz of imitation sinew - \$125 + mailing \$40 = \$165

Choice of nylon or polyester skins, pricing depends on size and material - \$35 and up

Caned seats, larger than normal - \$39, plus postage



Steam's Up at Lees Mills

By Bob Hicks



Minnie Mouse (9' length x 4' beam) is owned by Robin Weeks from New Hampshire.



Wide-beamed daysailer type hull owned by Larry from Maine.

Rae Carol is a home built side wheeler owned by Ivan from Maine.



Twenty-four years ago, in October of 1985, we ran the above heading on our cover story on messing about in steamboats. This past August the arrival in our mail of a postcard announcing the 37th Annual Steamboat Meet at Lees Mills on New Hampshire's Lake Winnepesaukee nudged us into a doing a repeat. We found that the only thing that had changed in this timeless pursuit was the increase in the number of participating boats, around 50 had gathered together for a ten-day campout and steamfest at the Lees Mills town landing.

The site is at the northernmost end of one of the numerous inlets/bays on New Hampshire's biggest lake, protected from the strong northwesterly winds that often sweep the open part of the lake. The event is the largest gathering of steamboats in the country now, all because of local steamer David Thompson's calling in a few fellow steamers back in 1972. Dave is still involved, registrations still go to Mary Ellen Thompson in nearby Moultonborough.

We chose to drive up (two hours) on the first Sunday of the ten-day, two weekend gathering because the Traditional Parade to Green's Basin was scheduled for early afternoon. We hoped to hitch a ride and before we went around soliciting the opportunity Russ Steeves invited us aboard his *SL Redbud*, one of three of Jim Thayer's Mountain Girl hulls in attendance. Russ was a genial host with answers to all our inquiries into the arcane art he practices, and as an added bonus he also had a small brass signal cannon mounted on the foredeck which he proceeded to fire off during the parade in defiance to all the terrorist fear mongering we are subjected to today. What fun, very loud, lotsa smoke. His cannon fires a 10-gauge shotgun blank cartridge so not to worry.

Melvin has an aluminum hull built by Jim Webster. It is owned by Ken Forst from New Hampshire.



The variety of watercraft into which steam engines/boilers have been fitted is amazing, the majority is various versions of traditional old steam/naphtha launch hulls, but a few wander quite far from this norm as some of our photos reveal. Without question the common link amongst all is the steam whistle. Any toot for any reason is provocation for many retorts, and as each whistle seems to have its own notes it is quite a symphony. We noted while steaming with Russ how fast the whistle would drop the boiler pressure if sustained. Russ' boiler had a 135psi relief valve and when it dropped to around 50psi (too much whistling or neglecting to fuel the firebox) a noticeable decline in forward speed took place.

Top speeds run around 6mph and hull stances are pretty much vertical underway, a very sedate form of waterborne progress. And so quiet, of course. The engine and boiler are in the midst of the passengers, we were pretty much sitting around the stove, so to speak. The engine machinery is all out in the open, click-clacking quietly away at a couple hundred rpm pushing the boat along nicely. Aside from steering the major tasks are ongoing valve adjustments, gauge watching, and firebox refilling from the woodpile.

Anyone who has the combination of small boating and machine shop fabrication skills and interests is sure to fall for the allure of steam power at this scale. Unlike those who pursue it in the form of steam model railroads or stationary engines, the steamboater is free to go wherever there's enough water and reasonably calm weather. Lees Mills every September continues to set the standard, a weeklong festival of the faithful.

Angel Fire is an Elliot Bay hull owned by Clem Legates from Delaware.



Mountain Girl Gallery



Redbud owned by Russ Steeves from Massachusetts.



Mary Louise owned by John and Mary O'Dea of Maryland.



Rangeley owned by Doug Pyatt from Pennsylvania.



Telling the folks who come by to view the scene all about your steamer is part of the gathering, Mary Louise O'Dea is hostess here for *Mary Louise*.



Docking maneuver underway, a tight fit!



Dave Thompson's *Viking* could easily be a liveboard cruiser.

Fuel depot just about emptied out.



Skookumchuck sported this unique name-board, note four-bladed prop.



Fuel packed ready to go on board for next outing.





On Parade!



We're in the parade aboard Russ Steeves *Redbud*. Note cannon at right.



Flying Cloud is a lapstrake lifeboat hull owned by Tim Lynch from Connecticut.



Mary Louise shows off the elegant lines of the Mountain Girl hull.

Better look at the cannon, poised...



After the blast.



Mary Elizabeth is a fiberglass Mallets Bay hull (16') owned by Rick Richardson from New York. (The Mountain Girl hulls are 3' stretched versions of this hull).

That's the spirit!



Two birds with one stone is generally considered a good deal, although one is well advised to be sure one or both are edible. I had noted the Hastings, Michigan Steam & Machinery Show but pretty much dismissed it from my mind until I got notice of my 60th high school reunion on the three days preceding the meet only 40 miles down the road. Such a near congruence was not to be easily passed up.

When I first contacted Dennis Faist, organizer of the Steam & Machinery Show, he assured me that I was welcome to display my new 22' Western Lady hull. Well, it has yet to see the light of day. A check of the yard revealed that both the Mountain Girl and Victoria molds were empty also. Alas, this old boat builder is slipping, or perhaps fallen flat. Never mind, we needed to go anyway. So Sunday morn, after the big fireworks weekend, found us on the road eastbound from Grand Junction.

Hastings, home of Charlton Park, is only 40 miles down the road from my old school in Okemos, so no problem slipping from the reunion picnic on Thursday to the Friday start

Two Fer One Michigan Steamup

By Jim Thayer

of the Steam & Machinery Show. Friday afternoon we checked the shoreline of Thornapple Lake but found no steamboats. No matter, there was plenty of other good stuff to look at.

Saturday morn we lay abed until a reasonable hour, when the rain stopped. The rest of the day was perfect. Charlton Park has a quaint village of historic buildings arranged around a green, packed with tractors, plenty of open grassy space, and several large storage buildings to hold moldering goodies.

There were five or six large steam traction engines which entertained with maneuvering competitions, plus a circa 1890 Westinghouse vertical boiler tractor which did double duty steaming corn in the husk. We stumbled onto steamboats on the river bank in the midst of the action. Dennis had a Rose

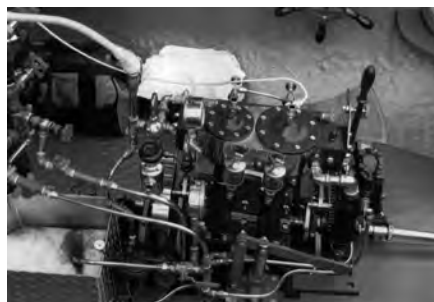
hull with a gorgeous double expansion engine. The whole boat was museum ready. I was interested to note from the sign that Dave Conroy had built the engine. Dave is well-known in steam circles and I once took a Mountain Girl hull to him down in Florida.

I was delighted to learn from Capt Faist that Dave was in attendance, also with a Rose hull. Janis and I greatly enjoyed rides with both of these gentlemen. There were, I think, six steamboats tied up at the nifty aluminum temporary piers; three traditional fantails, one converted lifeboat, a sailboat hull converted to steam, and a large stern wheel pontoon boat. The pontoon man, Gene David, clearly operates outside the box for he also had a steam motorcycle displayed.

The logical way home to Colorado lay via the Mackinac bridge and the UP of Michigan. Thus we enjoyed some cool North Country weather and avoided the Midwest mess that radiates from Chicago. I had addresses for some boat builders in Wisconsin and New Mexico, but by this time we could smell the barn and so held the hammer down. The four-cylinder Tracker made 29.4mpg for the 3,901 miles.



Steam guru Dave Conroy.



A very nice compound engine built by Dave.

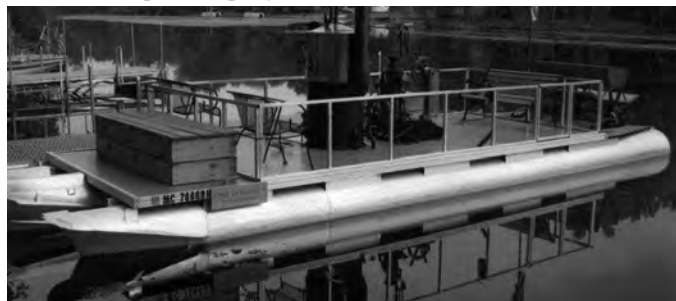


Lookout checking the afterguard.



Show organizer Dennis Faist in *Thornapple*, an ex-Conroy boat.

Gene David's pontoon party steamer.



Dave's Rose hull rigged for the July sun.

Arbor Queen is a converted lifeboat.



Pride of the Regatta

Most Creative Use of Cardboard and Structural Design
Regatta Queen Sternwheeler



Boatacious Celebration

From Kate Scannell

"I meant to construct a story with all these photos but life has intervened. Use all that you want or toss them." So read the note that arrived with an envelope of photos along with pertinent clippings from the local newspaper coverage of the first cardboard boat race to be held in Longview, Oregon.

Also included were several printouts from the newspaper's online editions leading up to the event, headlined as follows:

"Regatta cardboard supplies wiped out; more on the way." Apparently a crush of wannabe cardboard boat builder/racers swarmed the newspaper's back parking lot to pick up free 6'x10' sheets of 200lb strength corrugated cardboard, necessitating an emergency call to Longview Fibre to manufacture more. The interest was overwhelming.

"I have this sinking feeling this event will be huge." The organizers expected people to build about ten boats. But with the local newspaper and its website boosting it, the response was far beyond expectations.

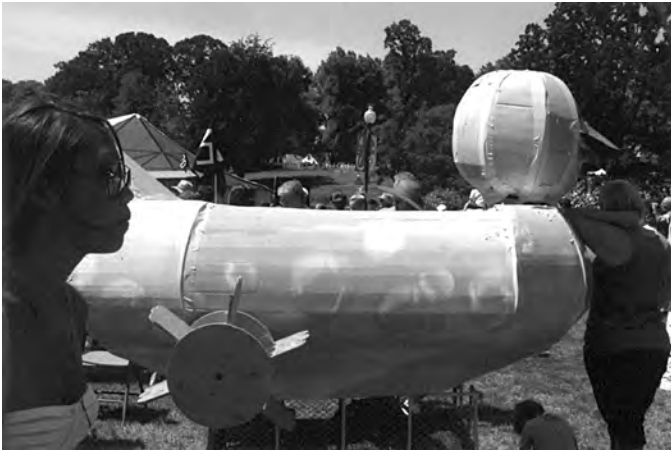
"Busy boat builders perfecting their crafts as the Go 4th Regatta nears." And apparently some were quite secretive about what they would turn up with. All boats had to be full size, built only from the provided cardboard; float, of course; hold two to ten persons; and compete in at least three heats over a 200-yard course on a local park pond. From there, creativity could run wild.

"Some wild rides are ready to make a splash at the big regatta." The day before the 4th the paper released some detail of what could be expected. Amongst these were the Rotary Club's 10' Rubber Duckie, the Longview Police's Patrol Car, and the Last Chance Tavern's beer bottle-festooned craft.

"Regatta draws 51 mostly seaworthy vessels and a large crowd." Amongst the boats were, in addition to those mentioned, a jet boat, a floating produce stand, an over-size Radio Flyer wagon, an outhouse, and a huge cat. There was a Lavender Shark, the SS Game Day (a 400lb replica of the Seahawks' Qwest Field), a replica of the *SS Minnow* from Gilligan's Island, and a Swamp Rat.

Many awards were presented, the major one being "Pride of the Regatta," awarded to the sternwheeler *Regatta Queen*. Lacking any boat building expertise, the builders were unrestrained in their creativity. The photos best tell the story.







Ft Lauderdale skyline.

At the conclusion of Part-I, *Jitterbug* had arrived at Ft Lauderdale, FL, on Christmas day after covering 1,540 miles over 55 days. We docked at the City Marina for a reasonable rate and took advantage of the hot showers, laundromat and TV lounge. The marina is centrally located within easy walking distance of the world famous Las Olas Beach, restaurants, shopping, a charter boat fishing fleet and the bus stop.

It didn't take long for me to learn the bus routes, and @ \$3 for an "all day pass" it is a real bargain. I visited the Modern Art Museum, the River Walk area, library and upscale shopping malls. Ft Lauderdale is second only to Venice in the number of navigable water canals, so this is a boater's paradise. After almost two months of long days at *Jitterbug's* helm, walks on the beach and through the city streets were a welcome change. One could consider this a "final destination" by any standard. However, I had printed a copy of *Cruising the Bahamas in a Potter 19*, by Bill Combs and wanted to make the crossing myself; weather being the big factor. Northerly winds negate a crossing due to huge standing waves created in the north-flowing Gulfstream. In the absence of a favorable forecast, I would continue on to Key West, which is not a bad Plan-B!

After four wonderful days in Ft Lauderdale, we were blessed with a perfect weather forecast on Dec 29th: Westerly winds at 5-10mph. It doesn't get any better than that when my destination, West End, Grand Bahama Island, lies 80 miles to the ENE.

Jitterbug carried every USCG required piece of safety equipment, plus a VHF radio, GPS navigation, a SPOT unit and cell phone. That being said, I am of the opinion that the #1 safety precaution is a captain's willingness to remain in port during borderline weather. I would not recommend making a trip such as this with a rigid schedule that might necessitate sailing on questionable days: I was very conservative throughout the entire trip. I would like to have made the crossing in the company of another boat, but couldn't locate anyone.

A point of note: The distance from Lake Worth to West End is less, 65 miles "the way the crow flies", but when factoring in the 3-5mph current of the Gulfstream it is sometimes a quicker passage if departing from a more southerly port. Cargo and cruise ship traffic is heavy in this area

Cruise ship.



Jitterbug

A West Wight Potter 19 Visits the Bahamas

(Part II of a Six-Month Cruise)

By John Depa

Based on *Jitterbug's* average speed, I estimated a crossing time of 16hrs, so left the dock at 4pm in order to make landfall after sunrise, but before the daytime winds picked up. When I reached the inlet, three cruise ships were just departing Ft. Lauderdale, so I held back until they cleared the area. Once in open water I cut the motor, unfurled the 150 Genoa in a 10mph breeze and settled in for the long crossing. I did not set the mainsail for two reasons: #1, not much is gained on a run unless one can sail wing-on-wing, which is difficult to do sailing solo at night; #2, I had heard some horror stories about the Gulfstream and did not want to lower sail in rough seas, during the dark of night.

Jitterbug made good speed under sail until about 7pm when the wind slackened and by 9pm was a dead calm. I furled the jib and continued under motor power. It's an eerie feeling being that far out at sea, alone in such a small craft: no skyline, no lights other than far off cruise ships; phosphorescence glowing in the motor's prop wash; and jellyfish (by the billions) everywhere. On two occasions cruise ships appeared to be headed on a collision course, but they both passed far ahead: They travel much faster than I realized. I considered trolling a fishing line, but thought better of it. What would I do with a huge wahoo, or tuna, if I hooked it? Also, I was told repeatedly to spend as little time as possible on the open Gulfstream, "A quick crossing is a safe crossing".

The night was so uneventful that my biggest fear was falling asleep at the helm. Navigation, if one can call it that with a GPS unit, is simply a matter of watching the Heading Line on the monitor. *Jitterbug* was motoring at 6mph and after some time I could actually navigate by the boat speed alone: If it went up to 7mph, I knew we were being aided by the Gulfstream current, so were heading too far north; and if the speed dropped to 5mph the reverse was true. So, I spent the night drinking tea, eating the huge lunch I had packed and just listening to the hum of the motor: A total Zen experience.

By 4am I could see island lights and by daybreak the GPS indicated we were only 12 miles out. At this point I was very tired, so I ran for another hour until I could clearly see land, then shut down the engine and took a 2hr nap. I woke to an easterly breeze and motored the remaining distance into Bahamas Bay Marina to clear customs: Arriving at 10am, December 30, 2008. The GPS odometer recorded the crossing at 90 miles, which meant *Jitterbug* had followed a reasonably accurate course line.



Customs and immigration.

The procedure for entering a foreign port is to fly a yellow "quarantined" flag until clearing customs, and then to fly that country's courtesy flag for the remainder of the visit. I didn't have a yellow flag, so I tied a yellow PFD to the mast (it wasn't really necessary) and cleared customs, which is a matter of completing a few simple forms and paying the \$150 cruising fee (\$300 for larger boats) which includes fishing license for up to four passengers. The customs officer looked at *Jitterbug* and asked, "Did you come over here in that?" a phrase that I was to hear repeatedly over the next several months. It got to the point where I entertained the idea of changing *Jitterbug's* name to *That*: "Yes, I sailed over here in *That*".

Once clear of customs, I hoisted the Bahamian courtesy flag, rented a slip and took a long walk around the marina complex. The marina itself is plush, but the surrounding area is impoverished, which is the case throughout most of the islands. This being a holiday season, there were a number of sport-fishing boats and people were cleaning their catch, mostly wahoo. One motorcruiser was just leaving for his return trip to Florida and gave me his copy of, *Cruiser's Guide to the Bahamas*, by Steve Dodge, which provided a wealth of useful information and detailed charts: Consider it a "must have".

The Bahamas are a chain of 2,000 islands extending some 800 miles to the southeast. My plan was to explore the Abaco Island group, beginning at the northern end and slowly working southwest. Great Abaco Island is boomerang shaped, running NE to SW then turning sharply south. It is surrounded by many smaller cays, which form the protected waters of the Sea of Abaco, a sailboat cruising dream world.

We left West End December 31 and set a course for Mangrove Cay, located 30 miles to the northeast. A brisk easterly breeze allowed us to sail the entire day, arriving late in the afternoon. I was awed by the azure blue water that turns crystal clear in the shallows. Much of the Bahama Banks are very shallow, which forbids larger boats from access to many remote cays (pronounced "keys")



Clear water and white sandy beaches.

that were easily accessible to *Jitterbug*: Chalk one up for the Potter. We anchored on the leeward side of Mangrove Cay on New Year's Eve. The wind shifted to the east during the night, and increased to 15-20mph, so I was content to remain there on New Year Day, fishing and snorkeling.

As the saying goes, "There is plenty water in the Bahamas, mon, but some of it spread mighty thin". I would estimate that *Jitterbug* "bumped bottom" at least two dozen times during the trip. I say "bumped bottom" rather than "ran aground" because she wasn't aground after simply raising the keel a foot or so. We often cut corners from the recommended "magenta line" route indicated on the GPS, thus saving countless miles. To be honest, there were a few occasions when we "bumped" hard enough to break the keel hold-down hasps from the trunk. There are four such hasps, so I only employed two (diagonally) at any given time. They are secured to the keel trunk by very short screws and a dab of 3M-4000 adhesive. By the end of the trip, the screw holes were rather enlarged, so I relocated the hasps 1" off to one side: No harm done.

On January 2 *Jitterbug* sailed another 35 miles NE to Grand Cay, where we had a conch fritter lunch at Rosie's and took a walking tour of the small village. Much of the Bahamas is still recovering from the last hurricane, and was suffering from the effects of high fuel prices and the depressed US economy. Walker's Cay, the famous fishing headquarters just to the north, was hit hard by the hurricane and still remains closed to the public. With tourism down, the only source of income on many of the outer islands is lobster/conch fishing. We left Grand Cay and sailed a few miles SW to uninhabited Double Breasted Cay where I beached for two days of fishing, snorkeling and beachcombing: No rush now, we are "there".

On the second day at Double Breasted Cay, a 21' skiff with twin outboard motors landed at the far end of the beach during high tide. One person, presumably the captain,

stayed aboard while the two passengers walked a section of beach. They didn't stay long, leaving before the turn of the tide. Curious, I later walked up to that end of the beach and saw the yacht they were living aboard. The 21' skiff was apparently their "dinghy" and I suppose the chopper was used for beverage runs. Regrettably, I was not invited aboard.



My new neighbor.

On January 4 we sailed SW, stopping for a brief walk on Rhoda Cay before going on to spend the night anchored off uninhabited Stranger's Cay; a total of 14 miles for the day. I noted that the battery was running low, so next day I trolled with the motor for several hours, catching three barracuda and a yellowtail snapper (for dinner). We also landed on uninhabited Fish Cay to get a closer look at a large metal object on the beach, which turned out to be a huge bell buoy. From there our course went by Carter's Cay, where a dozen local lobster skiffs were moored, and on to Moraine Cay to anchor for the night.



Bell buoy washed ashore.

The next morning I motor-sailed across the Sea of Abaco (more like a bay) to Fox Town in order to refill water jugs and have lunch at the local bar. I was the only tourist, but the conch sandwich tasted good after eating Lipton's Side Dishes (rice and noodles) aboard *Jitterbug* for four days. After lunch I took a short stroll through the village, which is slowly being rebuilt, and was somewhat depressed by the amount of garbage littering the streets and shoreline.

Leaving there, we set a course for uninhabited Allans-Pensacola Cay, with its protected anchorage, to spend the night. I beached *Jitterbug* in the morning to take a long walk, following a trail leading to an abandoned US missile site, then continued on to the far (ocean) side of the Cay where there are numerous flotsam sculptures located along the beach. Former cruisers had gone to a great deal of effort to record their boat name, and date of visit, upon bits of driftwood and other debris found along the beach; it was quite impressive. *Jitterbug* is now "on record" as having visited the island.



Flotsam sculpture.

Jitterbug beached.



By late morning we hoisted anchor for the 12 mile SW run to Spanish Cay. While enroute, west winds increased to 20-25mph and we had a rough ride before reaching the marina, which is only marginally protected from that direction. Spanish Cay Marina has 81 boat slips, only two of which were occupied by sailing cruisers. They both departed early in the morning, leaving me the only transient boat guest, which is indicative of the slump in tourism. But that did not deter me from enjoying the luxury of this beautiful resort. I alternated between soaking in the hot tub, relaxing on a lounge chair, swimming in the pool and taking long walks on the beach.

I also caught up on laundry and used shore power to charge the battery (the only time during the entire trip). The restaurant was closed, but a small general store satisfied grocery needs with fresh meat, cheese, bread and eggs, all to be consumed over a short time period since *Jitterbug* has no refrigeration. West winds continued gusty most of the night, and I left the bouncing boat for a few hours to sleep on a lounge chair.



Spanish Cay docks.

By noon, January 8, the winds had calmed to the point where I felt safe sailing (jib only) the four miles to uninhabited Powell Cay. I trolled a Clark spoon and caught two jacks; one for dinner. Once again I beached *Jitterbug* for a long, long walk around half the island, locating another flotsam sculpture (litter tree) on the ocean side. Next day we sailed over to Cooperstown and tied at the Shell gas dock. Every settlement has a Government (public) Dock for day use by small craft, ferries and cargo boats to unload. Big cruisers naturally use their dinghy, but the Potter is small enough to make the "cut" and I docked in every harbor without incident. The only requirement/courtesy is that one tie up using a Bahamian moor, stern anchor out with bow to the dock, so as not to occupy excessive space. By the end of the cruise, I had become quite adept at judging the distance to cut the motor, drop the stern anchor and glide to within inches of the dock.

The streets of Cooper's Town were empty, perhaps most of the population was out lobster fishing? I bought an ice cream and took a short walk around the back streets, chatting with several friendly locals. Lobster and conch fishing are still the primary source of income. Lobster fishing is done by traps in deep water, while in shallow water the fisherman hunts the bottom breathing through an air hose connected to a compressor aboard the boat. Needless to say, this is a two-man operation. Conch fishing is done in a similar manner. There may be a problem with crime in the larger cities, but I never once felt threatened during my seven week stay in the Abacos, nor did I hear of any incidents from fellow cruisers. On

the contrary, the Bahamian people, black and white, go out of their way to welcome cruisers. In fact, one island posts a sign that reads, "TRESPASSERS WELCOME".



Cooper's Town.

Manjack Cay, the next anchorage, is somewhat of a gathering place for cruisers. There are safe anchorages on either side and crews often meet ashore for beach parties that do not require much of an excuse. The bonfire party I attended was in celebration of an (almost) full moon, which easily qualified as a reason to revel late into the night! I remained beached there for two days, befriending several cruisers who I met repeatedly in the weeks to come. This was a perfect opportunity to lower *Jitterbug*'s mast and fill it with spray foam in an attempt to stop the incessant clanging of the anchor light wires. Although cautioned not to do so, I just couldn't take that noise any longer and went ahead with the project. Much to my delight, the noise was stopped and sleeping much improved for both me and those moored nearby.



Jitterbug Beached for mast repairs.

January 12 found the Sea of Abaco becalmed, so we trolled five miles to famous Green Turtle Cay, which is a predominantly white settlement founded in the 18th century by British loyalists after the American Revolution. The island town, New Plymouth, has five restaurants, two well stocked grocery stores, several bars, a hardware store and a library with Internet access. Since I did not carry a laptop computer (still undecided about that option) I was able to catch up on email for the first time in weeks. I anchored in nearby White Sound and visited town daily, tying to the Government Dock. There are also two resorts, Bluff House and Green Turtle, with upscale restaurants. I was able to fill water jugs (@\$.25/gal.) and take hot showers (\$2) at Bluff House before they closed for lack of business. I spent a total of five days

visiting this quaint island settlement, enjoying fresh seafood meals, renting a bicycle and rubbing elbows with the locals.



New Plymouth, Green Turtle Cay.

We had been plagued by a cold front with associated gusty winds for 3-4 days. Finally there was a brief letup on January 19 so I used the opportunity to sail fifteen miles to Treasure Cay, which is a Ft. Lauderdale type planned community, with most homes situated on dredged lagoons. There is also a marina, pool, beach bar, small shopping complex and golf course. Cruisers can pay \$10 per day to anchor in the harbor and have access to all shore-side facilities, or pay \$1.30/ft for a slip rental. Since the harbor was still a bit choppy, I paid for a dockside slip and stayed three days, during which time I rented a bicycle, took long beach walks, tried bone-fishing on the flats and just lounged by the pool: Not a bad way to wait out foul weather.



Treasure Cay Marina.

Treasure Cay pool.



Next stop was Great Guana Cay, home of world famous Nipper's Bar and a beautiful beach with coral reefs for snorkeling. We anchored in the island's lee for two days and made daily visits ashore by tying to Nipper's courtesy dock. From there I motored down to Man-O-War Cay for one day, then back up to Great Guana for the Sunday Pig Roast at Nipper's, which is very well attended by cruisers. I got there early, paid \$20 for a plate and

enjoyed the delicious entrees all afternoon while rubbing elbows with the big boys. By this time, most cruisers knew me, or about me, from previous meetings or by way of introduction over the VHF "Cruiser's Net", which is a one-hour broadcast each morning hosted by a number of locals and visiting yachts. It includes an all important weather forecast, sea conditions throughout the Sea of Abaco, and items of local interest, including introductions from newly arriving boats: So *Jitterbug* was well known.



Nipper's Bar.

On Monday, January 26 I sailed over to Marsh Harbor, which is the capital of the main island, Abaco, and also the third largest city in the Bahamas. Every cruiser eventually stops here, if for no other reason than to shop for items not available on the smaller out islands. There are half dozen marinas in the large harbor. I rented a slip at Mango's (\$31.50 per day), which is within easy walking distance of central town. Marsh Harbor is an emerging city and not very well planned, with sprawling strip malls scattered amongst older buildings, some of which are already vacant. The streets are badly in need of repair and "trashy". I was told not to stray too far afield into what is known as the "mud city" section of town, even during daylight hours. I did have several decent meals and hired the services of a local guide to fish the sand flats in pursuit of bonefish. We spotted a number of fish, but my fly casting skills leave something to be desired so I never did get a strike: Gives me a reason to return, right!



Mango's Marina, Marsh Harbor.

On January 28 we sailed up to picturesque Hope Town and anchored just outside the harbor: Spent two days walking the narrow streets and then riding a bicycle to several beaches. On January 30 a gale warning was issued, so I returned to Marsh Harbor to ride out the storm. I tied at Mango's Marina for two days but it was located on the windward side of the harbor, so I left there and simply anchored close to the far lee shore for five more days. Finally, on February 6 we

were able to sail back to Hope Town for yet another pig roast.



Hope Town Harbor.

Next stop was the unique settlement of Little Harbor, located 15 miles due south of Hope Town. The settlement was established in the 1950s as an art colony and still boasts a rather unique art gallery comprised mostly of bronze sculpture. Mooring balls are available from Pete's Pub (\$10), which includes use of their dock for landing ashore. There is a short hiking trail to an abandoned lighthouse with a spectacular ocean view.



Little Harbor Art Gallery.

This was the last harbor before making a 40 mile run on the open Atlantic due south to "Hole in the Wall", a lighthouse located on the southern tip of Abaco Island. At this location, we were probably 200 miles east of the Florida coast. I had decided to visit the Berry Islands for a few days/weeks then make my way to Bimini and from there back to Ft. Lauderdale. To do this, I needed to make the run south in order to clear the lower end of Abaco Island. The "Cruiser's Net" was barely audible on the VHF radio, but I did make out a weather report for NE winds at 10-15, then increasing the following day as yet another cold front was predicted. Not an ideal forecast (I would have preferred a westerly wind), but with nothing brighter on the horizon I decided it was a "go". A run is always better than a beat.

We left the mooring ball at daybreak to negotiate a small series of breakers spanning the inlet. By 8am *Jitterbug* had clear sailing, under jib and motor, for the long downwind run. The predicted 10-15mph winds had created an offshore swell of 4-6', nothing to be concerned with. By noon, however, the winds had increased and the swells grew to 6-8' and began to crest. The jib was half-furled and the motor running just above idle speed, yet *Jitterbug* began to dangerously surf down the backside of the swells. I was able to maintain control (with difficulty) until about 2pm when we made a serious broach. The bow submerged into the wave ahead, causing a

sharp yaw, which put our starboard rail under, and we took on perhaps 15-20 gallons of water before recovering. Oh how I wished for a larger cockpit drain!

Needless to say, I was badly shaken. We were about two miles off an uninhabited, rocky Atlantic coast, no other boats in sight, still ten miles from protected waters, and no land-based habitation within VHF radio hailing distance. With no other options, I cut the motor and continued under furled jib alone, which seemed to reduce the backside surfing a just bit. *Jitterbug* still took water over the transom a few times, but only a few gallons in the cockpit. At 3pm I was relieved to see a large cruise ship headed down the channel; now at least I could radio an SOS in the event of a swamping.

By 4pm *Jitterbug* had passed "Hole in the Wall" and we safely rounded the point to the leeward side of the island. I breathed a DEEP sigh of relief and all but collapsed from exhaustion. After dropping anchor, I bailed out the cabin and went to sleep shortly after dinner. The GPS trip odometer had registered 43 miles for the day.



Atlantic Ocean in moderate seas.

Next morning, February 9, the predicted cold front came through, resulting in gusty north winds; but I was now on the leeward side of the island and hugged the shoreline while slowly trolling NE. The water here reaches a depth of 3,000' just a short distance from shore, and I could see large ships plying the channel. After 17 miles I rounded Rocky Point to enter the safety of Sandy Point Harbor, a small fishing village located on the shores of a shallow cove. I tied to the Government Dock and walked both of the streets that defined the town, locating a small grocery store that sold ice cream. The few people I met were very friendly, one even loaned me his bicycle, which I took for a long ride to "nowhere" before turning back. A ferry transported workers to nearby Gorda Cay, which was renamed "Castaway Island" after the Disney Corporation turned it into a private resort for exclusive use by its cruise ships. It was a pleasant day and I spent the night anchored just off the beach.

Sandy Point Settlement.



The gusty NE winds continued, so I was content to remain in this sheltered area for several more days. The Berry Islands lay 33 miles due east, and I was not about to make an open water crossing of that distance in questionable weather. So, I spent the days beachcombing, chatting with the locals and fishing close to shore. I caught a number of yellowtail snappers, keeping one for dinner and giving the remainder to a local lady: She was very appreciative of the gift. On the day before I left, a small fishing boat pulled alongside and gifted me two live lobsters. Apparently *Jitterbug* was well liked by the local population.



Live spiny lobsters.

On February 12 the winds had abated to a point where I felt safe making the crossing to Great Stirrup Cay, the northernmost of the Berry Islands. It was an uneventful crossing made in 7hrs under full sail; GPS odometer recorded it at 35 miles. Upon arrival, I was disappointed to learn that Norwegian Sky Cruise Line had purchased the island. Their huge ship was anchored just offshore and the area alive with jet skis and parasail boats: Not what I had in mind!! I hailed the captain of the liner, over VHF radio, and he told me in no uncertain terms that I was not permitted to go ashore. He also informed me that the next island, Little Stirrup Cay was now owned by Royal Caribbean Cruise Lines and was also off limits. So I anchored far enough offshore so as not to interfere with their activities.

Next day I slowly sailed/trolled 13 miles south to Great Harbor Cay. The entrance to the marina is on the back (shallow) side of the island and is accessed through a dredged canal. Once inside, it is a well protected maze of boat slips, private homes, condos and a marina. Once again, tourism was way down and most slips remained vacant. I filled water jugs (@\$.35/gal), had a hot shower "on the house" and took a leisurely stroll through town to a nearby store for groceries. Anchorage for the night was in a nearby protected cove.

Entrance to Great Harbor.



On Sat, Feb 14th, I spent the day drifting sand flats in search of bonefish (no luck) and then casting for other species. My efforts were rewarded with a mixed bag of barracuda, mutton snapper, blue racers and yellowtail snappers: Kept one snapper for dinner and released the rest. In late afternoon I beached *Jitterbug* on Solder Cay and took a long walk around the entire island before retiring for the night. How versatile is the Potter-19!



Beached for the night.

Sunday morning was spent fishing before I sailed into Little Harbor to dock for lunch. I learned that two additional islands were now privately owned (perhaps by movie stars?) which limited future options. The bar was crowded with a dozen yuppie tourists who had chartered three cigarette-type power boats to ferry them 50 miles from Nassau. After lunch, they left in a cloud of sea-spray and were out of sight before I could launch *Jitterbug* for the short sail to Bond's Cay for the night anchorage.



Little Harbor bar and restaurant.

Monday morning found *Jitterbug* motor-trolling to Chub Cay, the most southerly of the Berry Islands and location of an upscale village. Just before arriving at the marina I caught a 5lb mutton snapper, which I later traded for a hot shower at Chub Cay Marina. The marina was in bankruptcy proceedings and virtually vacant. They wanted \$3/ft for a slip rental, with a 30' minimum (\$90 for little *Jitterbug*); no wonder the marina was vacant! I filled the water jugs and left there to anchor a short distance up the beach.

Next leg of the voyage was a 90 mile open water crossing to reach North Bimini, enroute back to Florida. I returned to Chub Cay Marina for an updated weather forecast and was told that now was the time to make the crossing, with westerly winds of 10-15mph before an approaching cold front was predicted to stall over the area for the next several days. So at 10:30am *Jitterbug* set sail for the long crossing. During the first 15-20 miles, while in the deep water channel, ground swells were considerable, perhaps 5'-6' but once we reached the Great Bahama Bank with its shallow 7' depth, the swells diminished and we sailed through the night, under jib alone, until reaching North Bimini at 3am the following morning. I rounded the point at North Rocks, anchored tight to the beach and crashed for a few hours sleep. GPS trip odometer recorded 92 miles, which is a long, long night at the tiller.

I awoke late morning and motored down to South Bimini to rent a boat slip at the Sands Marina, a new complex that had been highly recommended by several cruisers familiar with the area and I was not disappointed. The marina sported concrete floating docks, a pool, tennis courts, restaurant, ships store and lounge; with dockage at \$1.10/ft (but with a 30' minimum = \$33). It was fortunate that I made the crossing when I did, because the expected cold front soon arrived, bringing strong winds over the next four days.



Sands Marina, South Bimini.

The Bimini Islands are not a terrible place to wait out a cold front. In addition to the marina amenities, South Bimini also had several other restaurants, stores, a nature trail and its own Fountain of Youth. I befriended another solo sailor and we made the rounds together. The one mile Nature Trail is part of the marina complex, very well maintained and includes several live snake displays. Also of interest is a shark research center located on the other side of the island. One of the volunteer workers gave a very informative talk on the research being done with lemon sharks, which included a visit to the shark pen, located on the sand flats. And of course it's nice to just relax by the pool.

Swimming pool at Sands Marina.



The \$2 ferryboat to North Bimini is within easy walking distance, and we made several trips over to that island. One attraction for me was the Internet service offered by BATELCO, the Bahamian telephone company. It was my first chance to do email since being on Green Turtle Cay, several weeks ago. North Bimini is noted as a sport fishing capital, but even this island was hit hard by the American recession; two marinas had completely shut down and the others were sparsely occupied. Very few tourists walked the streets of Alice Town, but it was interesting to peruse the local shops and buy an obligatory T-shirt. We also had a great seafood dinner at The Anchorage restaurant.

Alice Town, North Bimini.



Five days after my arrival at South Bimini we got a window of opportunity in the weather to permit the 60 mile crossing back to Ft. Lauderdale; an ESE wind at 5-10mph. This time I would make the Gulf-stream crossing in the company of another boat, new friend Dan's 30' Allison sloop, *Strider*. We left South Bimini at dusk, under jib and motor, and had a perfect textbook crossing, reaching the inlet on Sunday, February 22, at 10am and were docked back at Ft Lauderdale City Marina by noon.

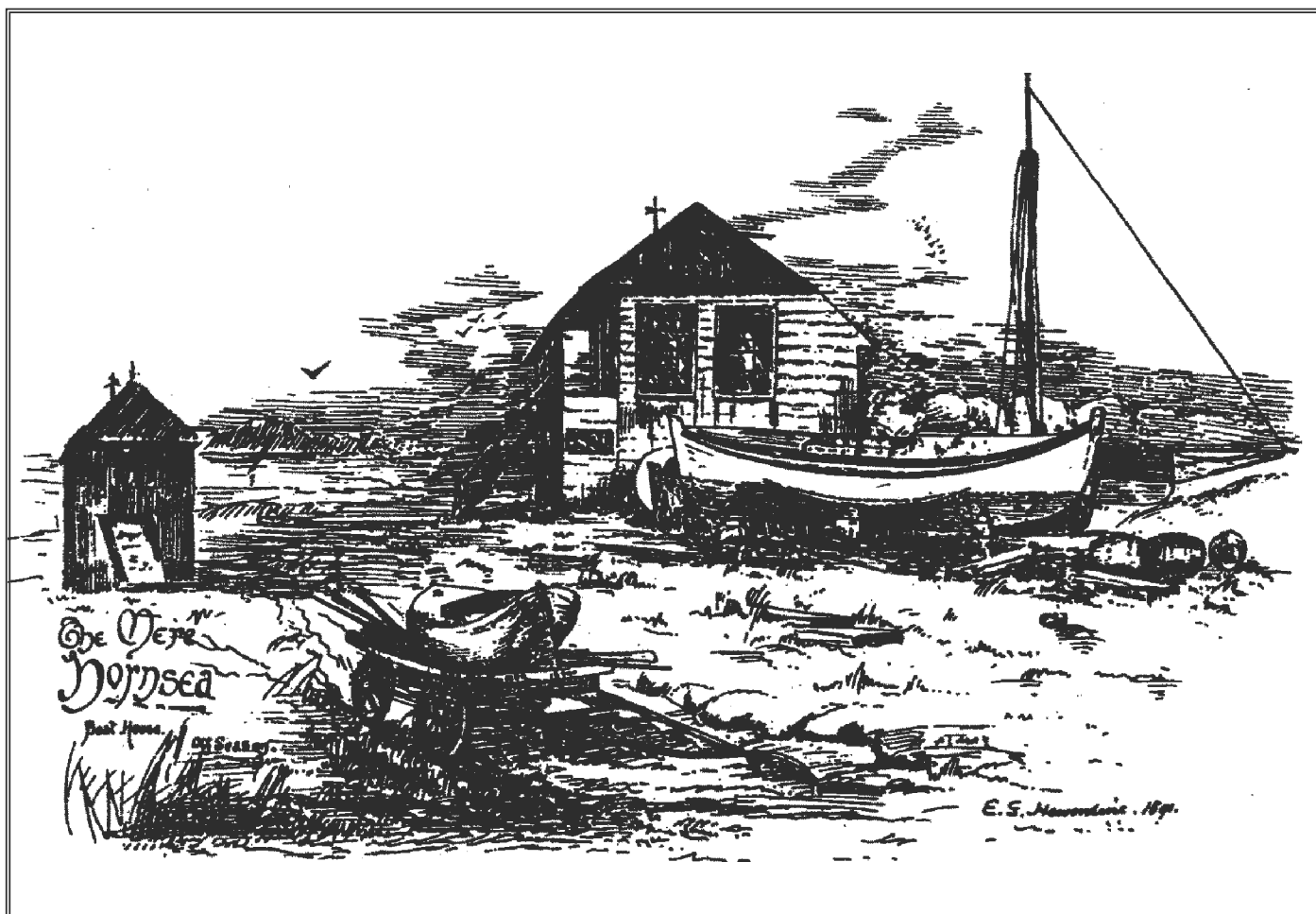
Welcome Home!!! Ft Lauderdale inlet



The Bahamas leg of the trip had spanned 55 days (almost eight weeks) during which time the GPS logged an additional 747 miles. This increased the total trip time to three months, three weeks and mileage to 2,287. For me, this was truly the trip of a lifetime. As the saying goes, "It's better in the Bahamas".

But, we are still a long way from our home port in New Jersey

To be continued.



Chapter I

Ere we are, sir. Better bring 'er this side, sir. A bit 'igher up, 'ere. That's it, sir." Not a very easy job though, in a swirling Thames tide below bridge, with tugs bustling up and down river, knocking up no end of a loup.

At this point I will take the reader into my confidence so far as to tell him that the above "directions" were issued to my brother Frank and me. I had brought our canoe from her berth at Putney down river to the steamer that was to convey her to the Emerald Isle and were now alongside looking out for a convenient barge among those that swarmed round the ship from which we could board her and interview the skipper. On our approach the numerous "dockers" ceased work, engrossed in watching and all had some advice to offer as to the best place to land. Under such circumstances it is best to act for oneself, and we accordingly ran alongside a deeply laden barge, whose low gunwale afforded easy landing from our small craft. A score of hands were out, eager to hold the canoe, and we were soon aboard.

After a short discussion with the mate of the Irish boat, we decided to ship our canoe on the upper deck under the shelter of one of the ship's boats. A crowd of men, willing to lend a hand, soon lifted our boat out of the water, and, on half a dozen broad shoulders (three would have been enough), she was soon carried over barges, bales, and packages, and stowed snugly aboard, ready for her voyage to Dublin.

We impressed upon the mate the necessity of keeping a loving, watchful eye over our precious boat now to be trusted to the mercy of strangers. We then went ashore in one of the river wherries that congregate in this part of the river around ships just arriving at or about to leave port.

Well, now we have packed our boat off, we will open our hearts to the reader as to our future plans. It had not taken us long to decide that we would spend our summer holidays again cruising in our canoe but the question of locality was not so easily settled. We had "done" the Thames and Norfolk Broads and most of the navigable rivers in England, and the previous year we had spent a very happy holiday in the South of Ireland cruising on Cork Harbour and down the rivers Blackwater and Suir. We now looked towards the Shannon with longing eyes, but hesitated about going there knowing very little of the water. The committee appointed to sit upon the important point consisted of our father, elected chairman and general oracle, with Frank and myself. Small light was thrown on the subject, however by the two latter and the arrangements were left in the hands of our more experienced "skipper."

In the end we decided to adopt the following plan, and stick to it as closely as we could: Send the canoe to Dublin by steamer, from which city the skipper and Frank would travel Westward Ho along the Grand Canal. This canal is indicated in most maps by a thin line running almost due west from Dublin and entering the Shannon in County Longford, a few miles from the north end of Lough Rae. After cruising about on the Shannon, the skipper would return and leave Frank in command. I would then join Frank a few days later, and return with him by the route they had previously traveled.

At last the day arrived for my departure. My sailing orders were to take the train to Holyhead, cross in the company's boat to

A Canoe Cruise in Ireland

By E.T. Holding

From the *Boy's Own Paper*, 1892

Reprinted from *Paddles Past*
Journal of the Historic
Canoe & Kayak Association
Summer 2009

Dublin, and travel by train across country to a small town named Boyle, which the diligent searcher will find marked on the map in the county of Roscommon, on the river Boyle about one mile from Lough Key. I will not dally over particulars of what we were to do, but will at once commence our cruise on the inland waters of Ould Ireland.

Chapter II

It was two o'clock in the afternoon of a showery day in September when the train which conveyed me from Dublin wandered leisurely into Boyle. As it pulled up I scanned the faces of those on the platform, and soon met the eye of Frank, who gave me a hearty welcome to the land which was to be our home for the next few weeks.

It seemed an age since we had met, and he had no end of things to tell of perils endured and pleasures enjoyed on the broad bosom of the Shannon, which river, Frank explained, was a grand stream flowing through lovely country, undone of the best rivers for boating we had ever cruised on.

We left the station and proceeded through the town of Boyle to our camp, which lay about a mile away near the shore of Lough Key, and as we went, the full sense of our situation grew upon us. Here we were "long miles away from home" with nothing to do but enjoy ourselves and live like elegant editions of Robinson Crusoe, going where we listed, fishing, shooting, sketching, and all other "things" that are possible to such a life of freedom.

"Bother the rain though!" as the drops came quickly and heavily. Happy thought; put up the sketching umbrella which I had brought for another kind of weather. Thus protected, we wandered campwards, and excused ourselves for thus seeking the protection of Mother Gamp on the grounds that even Crusoe himself was similarly provided.

In Boyle we purchased a few necessities which Frank said our larder lacked, and after about twenty minutes' walk reached our tent, snugly pitched in a field under the shelter of a homely cottage. I felt a strong desire to execute a whoop and dance on sight of the beloved tent that had sheltered us in so many different scenes, and which was now to be our home in this somewhat remote corner. For Frank's sake, however, I conquered this desire, as he develops disagreeable symptoms on the display of any unseemly conduct on my part, even though I'm his senior by about four years, and has a nasty way of digging me in the ribs and otherwise making himself objectionable.

The rest of that day we spent rearranging the tent and putting things in their respective places, for "a place for everything, and everything in its place," is an indispensable law in camp life, and one we always endeavour to obey.

Chapter III

Next morning, as we lay awake discussing our plans for the day, we determined on an exploration of the lake near which we were camped, leaving camp and gear where they were, and returning in the evening.

"There's a lot of work to do first, though," Frank said; "the sails and rigging want overhauling, and we must go into Boyle for some more grub."

"Right you are. Now for a swim and for breakfast." It was nearly eight o'clock when we turned out, a fact which, as skipper of the expedition, I felt it my duty to call Frank's attention to, and command him to rise earlier in future.

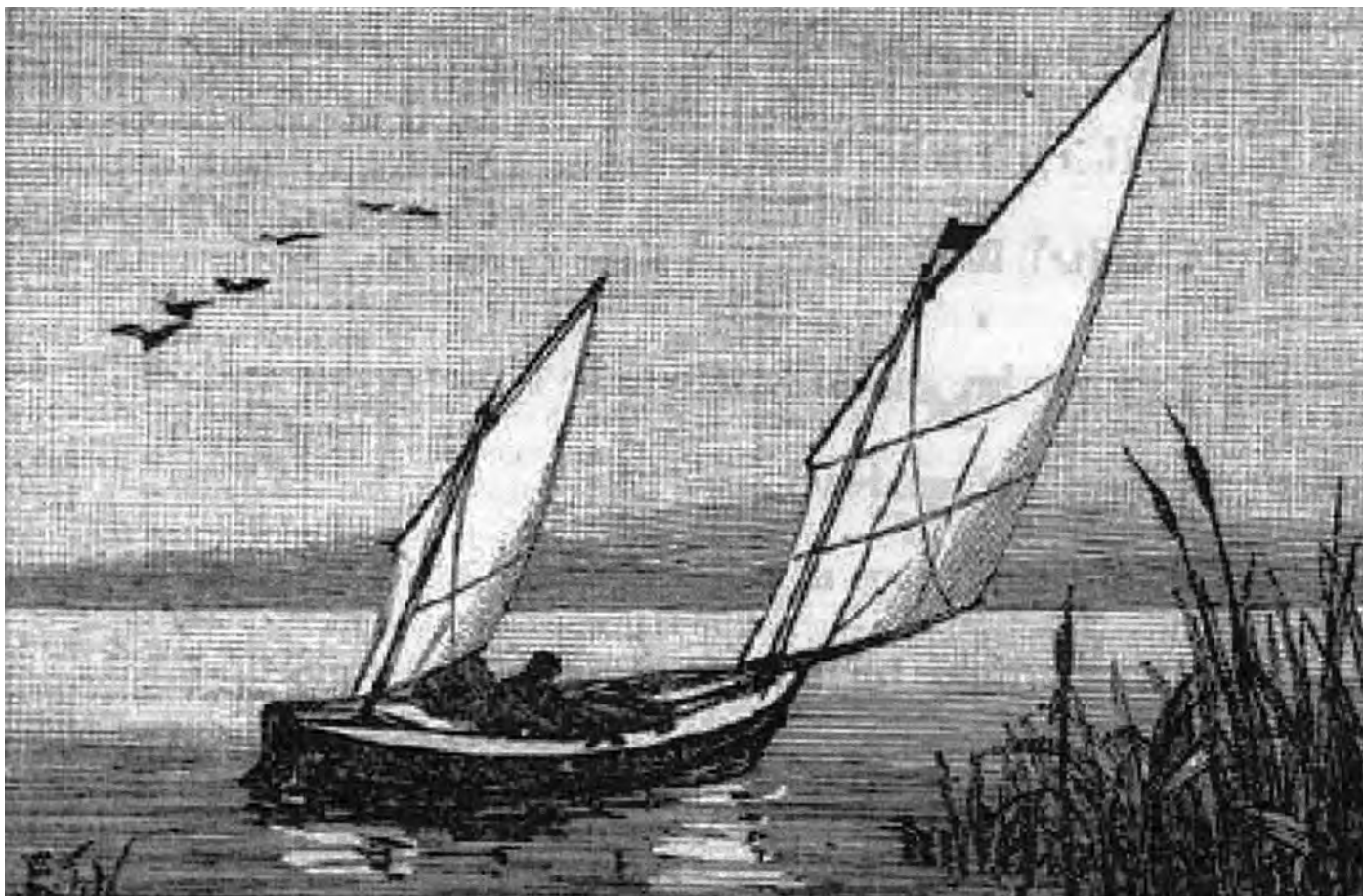
The ground was white with mist and dew, lying thickly on the long grass and looking like hoar frost. Aloft, however, the sun was struggling through the thick morning haze, and everything promised a fine day. The river was deep and clear, and we had some glorious dives into its cool depths. Just a wee bit too cool, we thought, as we floundered ashore, and vigorously rubbed ourselves down.

With a better appetite than I had enjoyed for some time, breakfast was despatched, and the work of getting the canoe shipshape commenced. Let me here introduce the reader more particularly than I have hitherto done to our craft. I have already described her as a canoe. This she was, but of a more substantial character than the diminutive "cockly" structures generally associated with that name, and in which I have heard it said it is necessary to part your hair in the middle if you want to remain on board.

The *Severn* (that's her name) is 15' long and 2'6" broad, carries a crew of two with ease, along with tent and clothes, and all the other accessories necessary for a camping life. She is decked from stem to stern with the exception of the "well," the opening in which the crew sit. This is large, to give ample room for the crew to sit below on the floor boards, or for one to steer while the other sits on the forward part of the well and sculls; and sculling was a mode of propulsion we found much preferable to the old style of paddling.

She carried a main and mizzen sails, the former 65sf and the latter 15sf in area. The sails were "balance lugs," and were fitted with battens like the Chinese junk to keep them flat: both sails were provided with gear by which they could be reefed almost instantly should occasion require it, and the power of thus being able to reef our sails brought us through many a nasty squall where whole sails would have been impossible. This was the craft that was to be our home by day for some few weeks. And right bravely did she serve the purpose, as she had done on many occasions before.

It was my business now to overhaul the rigging, and I had plenty of work to do; worn-out lines to replace, a bit of lapping here and splicing there. It was lunch time before all was ready. We paid our visit to the town, returning with loaves, canned meats and fruits, and such like, and a pair of decided yellow "things" (Frank called them) (they are labeled "knickerbocker hose" in Boyle) which I had purchased to take "watch" with the rather dilapidated pair I had started with. It is a happy thought indeed, on starting on a journey of this sort to see that everything, clothes included, are in strong condition. It's not pleasant to have to be sewing buttons on and doing jobs of that sort when you want to go on with something more agreeable.



At last, everything done, we got afloat, and with a favouring breeze spread our white wings and glided rapidly towards Lough Key. The sky above, the water beneath, were a deep blue, and the only sound that caught our ears was the gentle swirl of the water as we glided swiftly through it. The warm sunshine, the blue sky, the music of the water, the sense of perfect freedom, all these sent one into a kind of dreamland and made one feel after all that life is all about.

"Look there, what's that?" interrupted Frank, whose sense of the poetical is not so strongly developed as it might be. I looked in the direction indicated, but could see nothing but a small waterfowl slowly swimming in the direction of the bank.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Matter! get the pistol quick," said Frank in a stage whisper.

Of course I had forgotten it in the moment. I snatched it up, aimed and fired, with the result that I must have frightened the said waterfowl almost out of its wits, for it rose and flew into a neighbouring clump of rushes, and we never saw it more.

This incident had occurred just as we entered the lough. Once on its broad surface, the breeze freshened and we flew across the wavelets gloriously.

"Which way?" queried Frank, who was steersman.

"I think we'll go right to the north end of the lake."

So the canoe was turned northward across the blue expanse which lay before us. This was different work from sailing on the river, where the banks had seemed to glide swiftly past us. Now the distant shore of the lake seemed to get no nearer though we were traveling much faster. But the delight

of sailing on open water! We both sat on the weather gunwale, and sent the *Severn* dancing over the waves, sometimes getting a dash of vapoury spray ourselves as the freshening breeze sent her bowling along.

At the north end the lake seems to be lost in rushes and swamp, and we had much difficulty in landing on anything like firm ground. When we had succeeded in doing so, there was not much to be seen, for we were surrounded by rushes five feet high. We re-embarked and returned the way we had come.

As we entered Boyle River the sun was setting and the breeze faded quite away, leaving the surface of the river like a mirror reflecting the gold above.

"Awfully hungry," said Frank. "What shall we have for tea?"

"How jolly if we could have some trout!"

"Wish we could."

"Well, we will."

"How?"

"Ask that fellow who's fishing if he has any."

This we did, and after a few moments' negotiation, purchased some fine fish, which were soon spitting and spluttering on our frying pan and filling the calm evening air with a sweet and savoury odour.

Chapter IV

The prospect of a day's exploration made us expeditious in getting the canoe packed next morning. We struck camp early, bade farewell to Boyle, and "really" commenced our "cruise." We entered and crossed the lake we had sailed on yesterday, and emerged from it at the south-eastern corner. It was a bright morning, with just wind enough to send us scudding along under all the sail we could carry. We encountered our first lock

about a mile and a half from camp, and at this there was a drop of some six feet.

Lough Key is linked to the Shannon by chain of small lakes or broads about five miles in length. While crossing on one of these lakes the weather suddenly changed. The sky became overcast, and the breeze freshened so much that we were obliged to reduce our sail. None too soon either, for we were struck by a white squall and had to luff up sharply, or we should have been in Davy Jones' locker. We lay for some moments with our sails flapping tremendously, the water lashed into a white spray by the force of the squall. It ended as suddenly as it had begun, and the wind dropped till there was hardly enough to move us.

It was noon before the Shannon hove in sight, with the spire of Carrick Church visible over the hill. Carrick is south by a mile of where the river Boyle enters the Shannon.

We were undecided whether to run down to the town and lay in "grub," and return again up river, or to push right on northward in the direction Lough Allan at once, and trust to the small village of Leitrim to supply our wants. We decided on the latter course and turned upstream.

That pleasant holiday companion, appetite, beginning to make itself felt, we decided to land and prepare for lunch. We made for the shore, but ran aground while still some distance from dry land. A second and third attempt resulted the same, owing to the gradual slope of the shore and the quantity of large stones strewn upon it.

"I vote we lunch on board," said Frank; "we might try this game all day." Frank's suggestions with regard to meals are nearly always practicable. So we lunched on board. It was a cheerless meal; for the sky, so potent to raise or

depress one's feelings, was cloudy and threatening rain and what wind there was seemed cold and ghostly, and made the soaked burgee flap disconsolately against the mast. The best thing to do in weather like this is to work hard. So we took the sculls as soon as lunch was over, and pulled hard against the strong stream that recent rain had developed. But it was slow traveling against the water as it came swirling down, and we had to hug the bank to escape the current as much as possible.

A canal about five miles long branches from the Shannon into Lough Allan which enables the navigator of these waters to escape the swift and shallow waters of the upper Shannon. We reached the entrance to this canal about five o'clock that afternoon, having bought stores in Leitrim.

The first lock on the canal was a rickety-looking structure, the sluices of which worked "orful stiff." So while Frank took the canoe into the lock, I procured a windlass from the lock house and let the water through. The lock-keeper was away in a cornfield, and only arrived when the lock was full.

"Even'n, sorr."

"Good evening."

"Ye hadn't got no right to fill that lock, sorr."

"Oh!"

"It ain't safe."

"Oh!"

"You'll have to carry the boat past the next lock."

"Oh! how many locks are there on the canal?"

"Only one lock, sorr, but there's a stanch at the lake end of the canal."

"Right you are. Good night."

And we forged ahead, minded to get the next lock behind us before we camped for the night.

The canal was very pretty, and so narrow that we had to steer carefully to keep our sculls from touching the sides. As we traveled in the cool evening air, we were joined on the towpath by a company of reapers from the cornfields, who questioned us as to where we were going. One of them turned out to be the keeper of the next lock, and in answer to our questions said:

"No, sorr, I am afraid you can't go through the lock; it isn't safe."

By the time the lock was reached, however, we had so far coaxed her (for she was of the fair sex) that she said if we wanted the lock worked, we must do it at our own risk. So we risked it, and came off victors, congratulating ourselves having saved a portage.

While the water was rushing into the lock, the poor woman's anxiety was very great. "Ye'll be drhounded, sure ye will. I'm sure yure sinking." She was much relieved, therefore, when we emerged safe and sound on the other side, and accepted a "small gratuity" as a thank-offering for our safe delivery.

The shades of night were now falling, and a camping place had to be found. We traveled on some distance, however, before we saw a suitable spot. It frequently happens that one puts off looking for a campsite until the evening is closing in, feeling confident that something will turn up just when wanted. Unfortunately this is not always the case, and often when I have left the task until the night was coming on, I have found it necessary to travel on, and on, and on, before a comfortable berth is found. It was so on this evening, and the stars were beginning to peep out before we discovered a properly sheltered spot on which to camp.

But the tent was soon up, with the candles burning brightly, and over the preparation of our evening meal all the difficulties of the day assumed a rosy hue, and later gave a heartiness to our slumbers that only those enjoy who have toiled hard and long in the open air.

Chapter V

The sun woke us next morning, and when we emerged from the tent we found a group of youngsters from a cottage near at hand gazing in wonderment at the tent and boat. They were startled at seeing us, dressed, as we had slept in an incongruous medley of garments. We assured them we wouldn't eat them, and Frank accompanied his remarks with a sweet smile, they did not fly, but grew quite "chummy." This was awkward, as we wanted to bathe. We therefore requested our audience to retire for a short time, and it was only after much pressure that they consented, backing away from us as though they expected an attack in the rear.

It was very delicious bathing in the cool clear water, and drying oneself in the morning sun. And what appetites for breakfast it gave us! During that meal, our little circle of admirers returned, and doubtless wondered who had given us our breakfasts.

Our camp was within a mile of Lough Allan, and we were full of joy at the prospect of sailing on this large lake.

The last obstacle that barred us from the open waters reached proved to be a wall of timber thrown across the canal to keep the

lake up to a certain level. As this "wall" or "dam" was almost under a bridge that crossed the canal at that spot, and as the water of the canal was quite four feet lower than the lake, we had a tough job to get the bow of the canoe onto the top of the wall. Some men who were looking on, however, gave us a helping hand, and slowly and awkwardly we hauled her up, till she balanced on the ridge, and then gently pressing the bow down she glided gaily into the waters of the lake, much to our gratification.

We had to visit the village of Drumshambo (what's in a name?), distant only a quarter of a mile away, for stores; so we moored our little craft to the bank and started off, provided with an empty bag to carry what we should purchase.

Bacon was one of the articles we were running low in but oh, the Irish bacon. We had always pictured to ourselves a country in which, whatever else might be wanting, bacon, good bacon, was there in abundance. For was not every Irish cottage inhabited by a man and his family, and a pig?

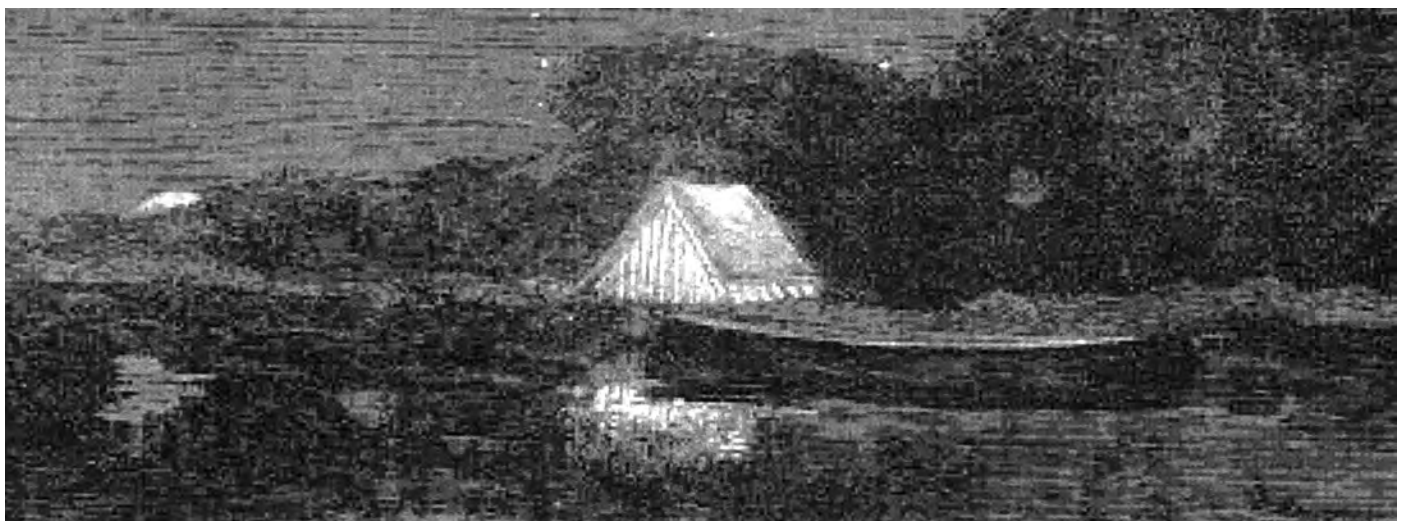
But, dear reader, 'twas but a dream, and we had awakened to the fact that the only bacon to be purchased in the smaller Irish villages is a pale, fatty substance, caked half an inch thick in salt, at the mere recollection of which my digestive organs rise in mutiny. We were no more fortunate at Drumshambo in procuring this article of diet than we had been elsewhere, so had to make shift on what we could get.

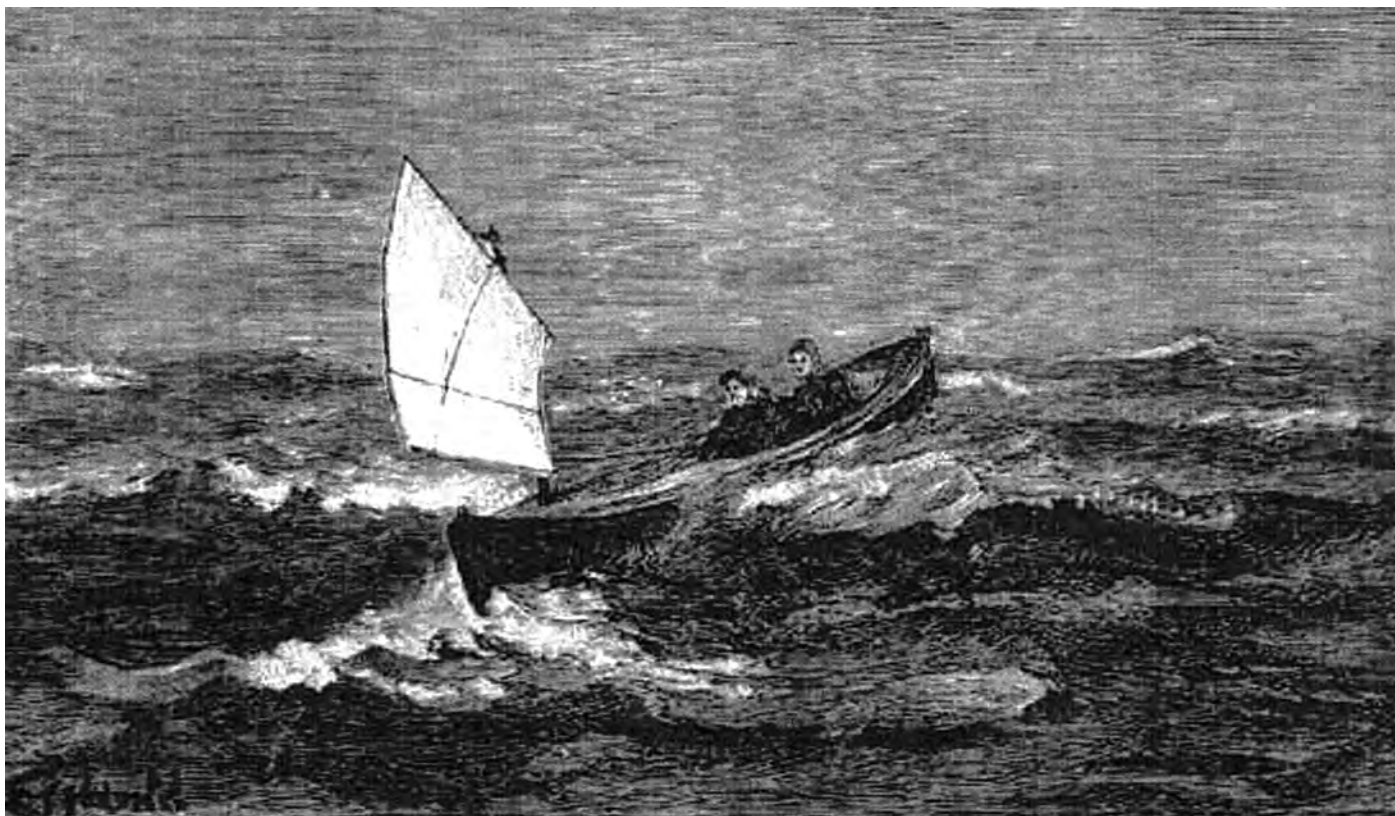
We returned to our boat with bag and arms loaded; we could not tell how long it might be were we came in touch with civilization again. Events proved that we had been wise in our generation, and had it not been for... but (as the penny dreadfuls say) "I anticipate."

Chapter VI

Lough Allan is about ten miles long, and at the opposite end from that by which we entered it, is about five or six wide. It is, indeed, in shape somewhat like a pear, the stalk of which might answer for the canal along which we had just traveled.

We were, therefore, in the narrowest part, and owing to the presence of a rather large island which lay between us and the broader part of the waters, were unable to see the full stretch of the lake. We noticed, while distant from the said island about three quarters of a mile, that what looked like a small lighthouse was erected on the shore nearest





us. We made this our mark and tacked towards it. The island was beautifully wooded down to the water's edge. There was no sight of a habitation or sign of civilization beyond the small lighthouse-like structure for which we were steering. As we neared the island we thought that we discovered there were two islands, the second one being very small. But a closer inspection showed a long strip of reedy sand joining them. As we crept up under the lee of the larger part of the island, we lost the wind and had to take to paddling. We crept along as close to the shore as we could, admiring the foliage and looking for a likely place to land. Our "lighthouse" turned out to be really a thing built with hands, shaped like a lighthouse, but only about eight feet high.

"Built for a landmark, I suppose," said Frank. And that had evidently been the purpose of the builders. Close by this, we saw something that aroused our curiosity greatly, nothing less than a small yacht, about a five-tonner, hauled up among the trees, and looking as if she had not kissed the waves for many a long day.

"Wonder whose place this is?"

"Some great gun's, I expect."

"Let's land and look round," suggested Frank.

So we paddled on until we could run our boat ashore on the sandy neck that joined the two islands. Here a very unexpected sight met our gaze. We had heard since nearing the island a strange roaring noise as of the sea shore, and had been wondering what it was. Now the cause was revealed to us. Before us lay the blue waves of Lough Allan, stretching into what seemed illimitable distance. The broad blue lake was lashed into white waves by the strong wind that was blowing, and the breakers were tumbling and roaring on the windward shore of the island like veritable ocean billows. The whole air was filled with the noise of wind and water, and the exhilaration of the scene was heightened

by the sunshine that lit it all up. It was a strange scene. Standing on our narrow landing place we could see both sides of the island; to windward all was boisterous motion, to leeward all was calm and still.

We pulled our boat high and dry, and walked into the "interior." We soon discovered we were not on a desert island, for a real live white was making hay in a clearing.

"Good morning," I said cheerfully.

"Good morning, sir," he replied, leaving his work.

"Is this private property?"

"Well, sir, there's nobody here now."

"I suppose there's a house on the island?"

"Yes, sir, just beyond the trees."

"And are you in charge?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you think we might camp here?"

"Oh yes, sir, anywhere. Have you got a boat, sir?"

"Yes, we left it over there," pointing in the direction of our canoe.

So while the man "in charge" went to inspect our craft, we strolled round the island in search of a nice snug corner in which to camp.

"This'll do," said Frank, pointing to a slope of grass sheltered by the trees from the wind. So we brought our boat round to the nearest landing, and soon erected our tent. After lunch I suggested that we should take everything out of the boat we would not require, and go for a sail on the lake.

"Better take as little clothing as possible, too," I added.

"Why?"

"Well, it's blowing pretty stiff, and I just want to have a jolly sail right through those waves," I said; "so get ready for a dusting."

We went afloat in the lightest of costumes, and, sitting well out on the weather gunwale, made our little craft fly across the boisterous waters, receiving a continual shower of spray as we dashed straight at the "white horses."

It was wild fun, with the boat leaping like a live thing under us. It was a hundred chances to one that we should be capsized. But clad as we were, that would have been only part of the game, for we are both fair swimmers, and we knew our tight little craft couldn't sink, even if it filled with water.

Did we enjoy our tea after that sail? I blush now even to think of that meal, of the quantities of sardines, jam, eggs, but no, I won't.

That evening, when the stars were gazing placidly down upon the lake that had sunk into quietude and rest, our little boat glided over its surface again, and, spreading its sails to the gentlest of evening zephyrs, sped silently over its dark bosom. All was silent. The boisterous spirits that the tumbling sunlit waters and whistling wind had roused in us had died away with the brightness of the day, and we lay silent and thoughtful under the eyes of the heavens. Out into the night, and then returned. We did not care to talk much as we moored our boat for the night and walked to our tent. It seemed as if it would have been a desecration to break the silence of that sweet summer night.

Chapter VII

We had intended spending a quiet Sunday on the island, and returning down the Shannon on the Monday, after exploring the other end of the lake. But our little plan was frustrated by the weather, which turned very rough and squally, so that we were really unable to leave the island for two days, made prisoners by the wildness of the waves and fierceness of the wind. The second day of our stay on the island we started after breakfast for a sail with both our main and mizzen sails set. The wind was blowing straight up the lake, so that we should be "running" on the outward journey. We soon discovered that two sails were more than we could carry, and ran for the shelter of a little headland, under the lee of which we were out of the wind. We stowed our mainmast and sail

below deck, and set the small mizzen in place of the mainmast.

When out on the wider waters of the lake, we found this was quite as much as we could carry, and we scudded right before the wind in grand style. The water was getting very rough, and frequently broke into "white horses," which came hissing up astern in a very threatening manner.

"This is fine," remarked Frank, "but what about getting back again? We shall never be able to beat up against this."

"Just what struck me. I think we'd better land."

But landing was not a very easy job. We were running along close to the shore, and could distinctly see the waves leaping up the shingle in a manner that rendered it impossible to beach our craft.

We were swiftly bearing down upon a headland, and, judging from the direction of the wind, we should just clear it if we held on our present course.

"I think we shall be in quieter water round that point," I said, and we determined to make for the lee of it, and there land if possible, and wait for the breeze to quiet down a bit.

It was ticklish work shaving past the headland, and we found ourselves dangerously near it. It was impossible to luff, or in fact to do anything but keep the boat's head square with the seas that raced past us. At a critical moment, too, we saw in the trough of a sea an ugly black rock almost under our bows. Our hearts stood still as we flew past it, expecting every moment to feel a jerk and hear the splitting of our boat upon its cruel back. We just escaped it, though, and with thankful hearts turned the bow of the boat into a quiet little bay formed in the lee of the jutting land.

We landed and moored our craft, and walked to a slight hill near by, to inspect the waters over which we had just had such an exciting passage. We had landed none too soon, for even while we looked, the fiercest squall I ever witnessed lashed the lake into one expanse of white spray, and with it a deluge of rain came pelting down, drenching us to the skin.

"This is lively," thought I. Our island had disappeared in the general chaos, and we looked like having a long stay where we were. We waited two hours, during which time we witnessed many wild conflicts between wind and water. The fierceness of the weather seemed to lull somewhat about three o'clock, and we determined to start back. Sailing was out of the question, so I took the sculls, Frank steering. It was tough work in the teeth of the wind and waves, and many a time I thought one of our sculls must have broken, so great was the strain upon them.

The waves thus boldly faced broke over our deck and soaked us to the "bone," Frank said; and to add to our discomfort another "white squall" flew down upon us and gave us a lively few minutes, blinding us with the sleet and the rain. But pegging at it was our only resource. It was only about three miles to camp, but it took two hours' desperate work before we floated in calm water under the lee of our island home. I had blushed, dear reader, at having so many times referred to our meals, and my modesty forbids me describing the feed we had after that day's work. And didn't we sleep that night? Not the howling of the fiercest hurricane or the roar of Lough Allan's mightiest waves was loud enough to disturb the profound slumbers of us wearied voyagers.

Chapter VIII

The provisions we had laid in when leaving Drumshambo were showing signs of exhaustion, and the next morning so scarce had our bacon become that we were obliged to "borrow" some from Stephen (the keeper of the island). He very willingly provided us with what he had. He had proved himself a real friend to us in our need on the previous day, as on our landing, cold and wet, he was waiting at our tent door with dry towels, and full of anxiety to give us all the assistance he could. He insisted on taking our wet clothes into his house and drying them, and told us "There'll be no need of your putting on any damp things while you're here, sorr."

Taking into consideration the state of the larder, we determined to make our way back to the Shannon that day, in spite of the weather. So bidding a reluctant farewell to Stephen and his wife, we started. With reefed main and mizzen we beat up to the entrance of the canal. We found all the locks closed against us, as they were considered unsafe, so we had to make three portages that day, entailing emptying the boat of every article of weight, and dragging her over the grass to the other end of the lock, and there replacing cargo, all of which was no light task.

Nothing but "grinding" composed that day's work, and at night we camped under the shelter of a large and deserted mansion, that looked like the home of a really curdling ghost. Certainly if any of the natives of that part had happened that way about 9pm when the night was growing dark, they would have been startled by the sounds of revelry that proceeded from what appeared to be the body of a huge glow-worm (for that is unmistakably the appearance to the uninitiated of our tent when illumined at night).

We reached Carrick on Shannon the afternoon of the next day, after a glorious morning of breeze and sunshine. I had found time to make a sketch, Frank meanwhile practicing with the revolver at the luckless coots, though, in justice to the coots it must be said, without any tangible result in our commissariat department.

We landed at Carrick and inspected the town. After laying in our usual stock of "grub" we started afloat in the evening time to look for a camp. We had not proceeded a hundred yards from our starting place when the rudder refused to work. An examination proved that the pin on which it hung was broken, so we were compelled to return, and place it in charge of the Carrick blacksmith. While he brought his art to bear, I tried to sketch a pretty corner of the river near at hand, and in the operation attracted most of the small fry of the town, who stood around me offering wild conjectures as to what it really was I was drawing! The mishap with the rudder delayed us so long that the twilight was growing into night when we were once more afloat.

Our tent we pitched on a mossy slope not far from Carrick. When the stars were shining we launched out into the night and enjoyed another sail under their quiet gaze, on a very broad stretch of the Shannon close by our camp. How delightful those night sails were! They remain in our memories as one of the most delightful of our many happy experiences.

Chapter IX

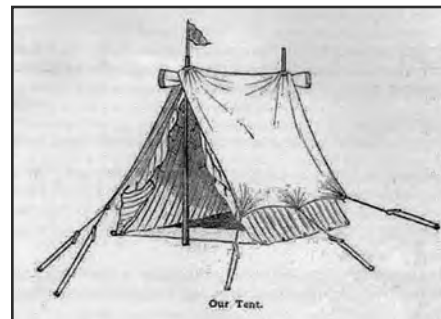
On carefully consulting the map next morning, as was our invariable custom before starting on our day's journey, we found that much open water lay before us, and that

meant sailing. We therefore packed our cargo with much greater care than usual, seeing that everything not actually wanted on "deck" was stowed away. The great multitude of things that are necessary for the enjoyment of camp life is rather difficult to carry in so small a boat as ours, 15' by 2'6", and it was only after many camping journeys that we had learned what to take with us and what to leave behind.

Let me give the reader, in this chapter, a general account of our equipment, as I feel sure that some such account may be of real service to those *B.O.P.ites* (*Boys' Own Paper*) who intend going in for camp life. First of all, of course, is the tent itself. Here is a sketch of it, with the weather or covering sheet to carry off the rain. The tent is "built" of the best canvas "blind" material, and we generally select the stuff with a cheerful red stripe in it, which gives the tent a comfortable and bright appearance.

The height of the tent is about 6' feet, and the floor 7' square. The "weather" or outside sheet is white duck and keeps the tent underneath it quite dry; warm in cold weather, and cool in hot weather. The ridge of it is kept from touching the tent by a line stretched from pole to pole, and the lower edge is kept taut by side guys, as shown in sketch. There are two tent poles, which are jointed with a ferrule in the middle, so that they stow away in half their length. We use our long double-bladed paddle for a ridge pole. This paddle is also jointed in the middle, and half of it can be used like a Canadian paddle when so required.

A very important part of our tent is the ground sheet, made of thick, strong, and white waterproofed canvas. "Don't you catch cold, sleeping on the ground?" is the first question asked by those who don't go camping. Thanks to our good ground sheet we are able to answer with truth, "No, never." A large, warm looking rug covers this ground sheet nearly to the door of the tent, and all the clothes bags and rugs are piled carefully at the end of the tent opposite the door.



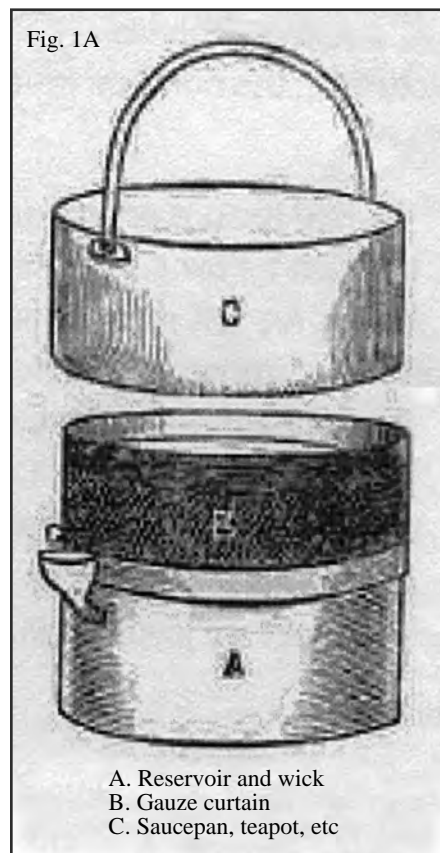
When Frank and I are cruising alone, he occupies the "starboard" side of the tent, with the bread bag and fishing rods, sketching gear, etc. on his side, while I have the "grub basket," cuisine, and things of that ilk on the "port side."

One waterproof bag holds a change of clothes for each of us. We carry one large thick rug or blanket to cover us when we turn in; but besides that we are each provided with a "sleeping bag," a contrivance familiar, I believe, to those who cruise in Arctic climes, but not generally used by the boating fraternity. It is simply made by sewing the two edges of a blanket together, converting it into a kind of sack. Fit a hood to the open end, and a cord to tie round the neck, and "there you are," and a wonderful amount of cold it keeps out.

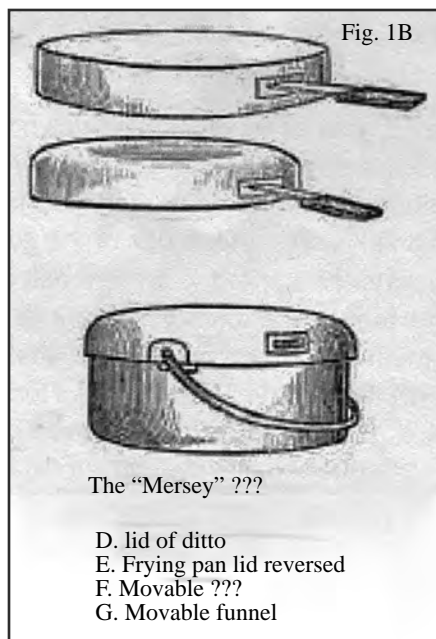
It adds materially to the comfort of a camp if each member has his particular duties to perform, and every article has its particular place: This is so necessary for the enjoyment of camp life, or for that matter any other life, that it seems to have grown into an inexorable law that Frank shall do certain things while I do others. Thus, as soon as we land at the end of a day's journey he unloads the boat, while I select the exact place for the tent to be pitched. Then he unstraps the tent poles, while I open out the tent. While Frank pegs the tent all round (we use small galvanized pegs that can be pressed into the ground with the feet, not large wooden affairs that take a man and a boy to drive home). I put the ground sheet down.

The tent properly set, Frank carries the things up from the boat into the tent, and I arrange them in their places. When everything is in place and the boat securely moored, or if possible hauled up on to the grass, we get our evening meal ready, Frank chopping up the bread into substantial slices, while I manipulate the cuisine.

The cooking stove is a most important item in camping and of these there is a great variety, ranging in size from a thing you could carry in your waistcoat (if it were large enough) to a structure as large as a piano. Of course the cruiser must consult his own wisdom and pocket in furnishing himself with a stove. I prefer a spirit (methylated) stove to any other, and of those I have tried, the "Mersey" (see fig. 1) is undoubtedly the best. It is very compact, and has cooked a meal for half a dozen of us in a remarkably short space of time. Whether you go in for a "Mersey" or not, I should say "beware of paraffin." It has a way of inundating and fumigating everything for "miles" around, and doesn't add to one's enjoyment a bit.



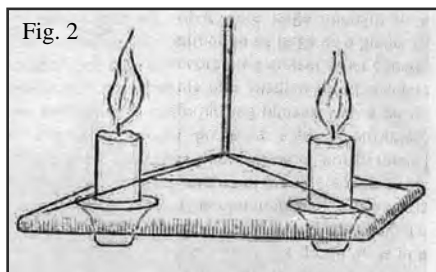
A. Reservoir and wick
B. Gauze curtain
C. Saucepan, teapot, etc



The "Mersey" ???

- D. lid of ditto
- E. Frying pan lid reversed
- F. Movable ???
- G. Movable funnel

Oil is disagreeable stuff about a boat at any time, and we avoid carrying it. We use candles fitted in a small glass plate, and suspended from the ridge pole (see fig. 2), for lighting our tent at night, the glass allowing the light to fall without a shadow. Our "library" (a small waterproof bag) contains notepaper and postcards, our map, and some jolly book, out of which we read a chapter aloud at night just before turning in.



In the morning, after a good swim, I cook breakfast, while Frank "washes up" the supper things of the night before, for we never can summon up energy enough to "wash up" supper things at night, but content ourselves by laying them to soak out under the stars. It is neither an easy nor a pleasant job washing greasy plates and knives with cold water, grass, and mud. But it has to be done, and is got over all the quicker by slipping into it with a will and not minding the grease. A good substantial root of grass with earth and sand attached well soaked in the water is a grand thing for cleaning plates (we use small metal dishes), and for the rest, plenty of river water and a thorough drying on a dishcloth answers admirably.

Chapter X

As I was saying at the beginning of the last chapter, we expected to do plenty of sailing after passing Carrick. The Shannon spreads out into a series of small lakes, over which with the wind in any direction it is possible to sail. We had a delightful sail that day. The wind was rather too fresh, but that only added to the excitement. How the time flies when one is scudding over lake and river, with a bright sunlit sky above and the saucy

waves dancing past the gunwale. Lunchtime passes almost forgotten. About 3pm., however, one feels that something to eat would certainly be acceptable, and we would land and proceed to partake of a light lunch. But, somehow, the stores disappeared in large quantities at these "light lunches," and Frank would show signs of going on eating for the rest of the day if I, as skipper, did not administer some sort of check.

We were now traveling through a very beautiful part of the Shannon valley. Rich pasture land, bounded afar by the blue mountains; quaint Irish cottages, showing as little squares of white amidst the rich colour of the landscape; the river stretching its silvery surface far ahead, and losing itself apparently in a wilderness of reeds; these, as we sailed pleasantly past, made many a lovely picture, in the contemplation of which the days flew quickly by.

We reached the entrance to the Grand Canal as we proceeded down the river. We had leisure to proceed still further down, so did not enter the canal at once, but pitched our tent some miles below it on a field belonging to a farmer whose acquaintance Frank had made in his journey up river. An "all round" kind of farmer he was too, with a thorough knowledge of the use of the gun and rod. His surprise and delight when we showed him our Waterbury watches (carried to prevent risk of losing or spoiling more expensive timekeepers), our knives, our cuisine, and all the other contrivances we possessed, was very great.

Our revolver especially drew forth his admiration. "Now there, ah! but she's a beauty. Look there now, did you ever see such a darling?" and so forth. We hadn't been with him long before he promised to take us in his boat next morning to have a "dab at the coots," as he expressed it, and I needn't say we joyfully fell in with the arrangement.

Having camped early that day we spent the remainder of it running down to Lanesborough, a town on the entrance to Lough Rae. Here some enterprising individual lightened our canoe, during our absence, of tobacco and pipe, also apples, an attention very unwelcome in this remote region, where such articles in good quality are unobtainable.

Our shooting expedition next morning was started in a drizzling rain and bitterly cold wind. We, that is to say, Tim Duffley (the farmer), Frank and I, launched out on to the Shannon in Tim's barge-like, tubby craft, and paddled gently down stream. Tim kept his eye roving in every direction, eager for a sight of the coots. It was a long time, however, before we got within range of any of them. We would get on the track of one of the little black fellows, and we would keep pegging quietly after him, while he dodged in and out of the tall thin reeds near the river bank, and just when Tim would be ready to seize his gun, the bird would disappear altogether, where, it was impossible to say.

Tim said they were very artful this morning. So he bid us lie quiet in the boat while he waded ashore. He walked across a field that was submerged about a foot, keeping his weather eye open for anything in the shape of game. Suddenly, not more than thirty feet from where we were in the boat, a couple of birds rose on the wing and flew rapidly across the river. We lay breathless, wondering if Tim would see them. Yes, sharp and quick rang out the report of the gun, both barrels, and fluttering into the reeds fell one of the venturesome coots.

The rain continued, and we were forced at last to run up to Tim's cottage to dry our soaking clothes. Before his glowing peat fire we were soon dry and ready to strike camp and make our departure. We bade him farewell, loaded with fruit and a small hamper full of the game that had fallen to Tim's gun (which latter we sent away to the dear ones at home), and with many kind words from our cheery host, we launched out and really started homeward. We had a dead run before the wind from Tim's ferry to the entrance of the canal which I have mentioned as having passed on our way down the river.

On entering the canal we knew we were leaving behind us all the most interesting part of the cruise. For though there were many pretty bits on the canal, we should not enjoy again the grandeur and freedom of the River Shannon. So it was with some amount of sorrow we entered the first lock of the canal and saw the gate of it slowly shut out from our view the last glimpses of Shannon water we should see for many long days.

Chapter XI

I will not tire the reader with a description of our journey through the canal, which, though interesting enough to us, could not prove so to him from any description of mine. Do not think, however, that we were restricted to the limits of the canal for all the remainder of our cruise. A very pleasant break in its monotony occurred at Mullingar, within about two miles of which town there is a lake used as a reservoir for the canal. This lake is acces-

sible by a small stream, which enters the canal at Mullingar, and which is spanned by about a dozen bridges of between three and four feet in height. We determined to explore this little stream, especially as we were informed that the lake was a very beautiful one.

We lowered our mainmast on deck and stowed the mizzen mast alongside it; provided ourselves with paddles, à la Canadian canoeists, and forged up this stream. We had frequently to duck our heads going under the small foot bridges, and in one place, where the railway crosses the stream at a very low level, to squeeze down into the canoe as low as we could. All this was very delightful. There was a delicious uncertainty as to where the next twist of the river would take us.

Dodging under bushes here and there, we came presently to a tiny village, and were greeted by the cries of tiny children, who had certainly never before beheld anything like our boat. They shouted with delight, and ran alongside the stream watching us eagerly. We were now approaching the lake, but knew that there was a portage to be made before we could enter it, as the outlet from the lake which formed the stream on which we were traveling, was made through some sluice gates. When we arrived at the obstruction, the aforementioned youngsters were of great service to us, carrying with delight all the light articles of our cargo from the stream to the shore of the lake.

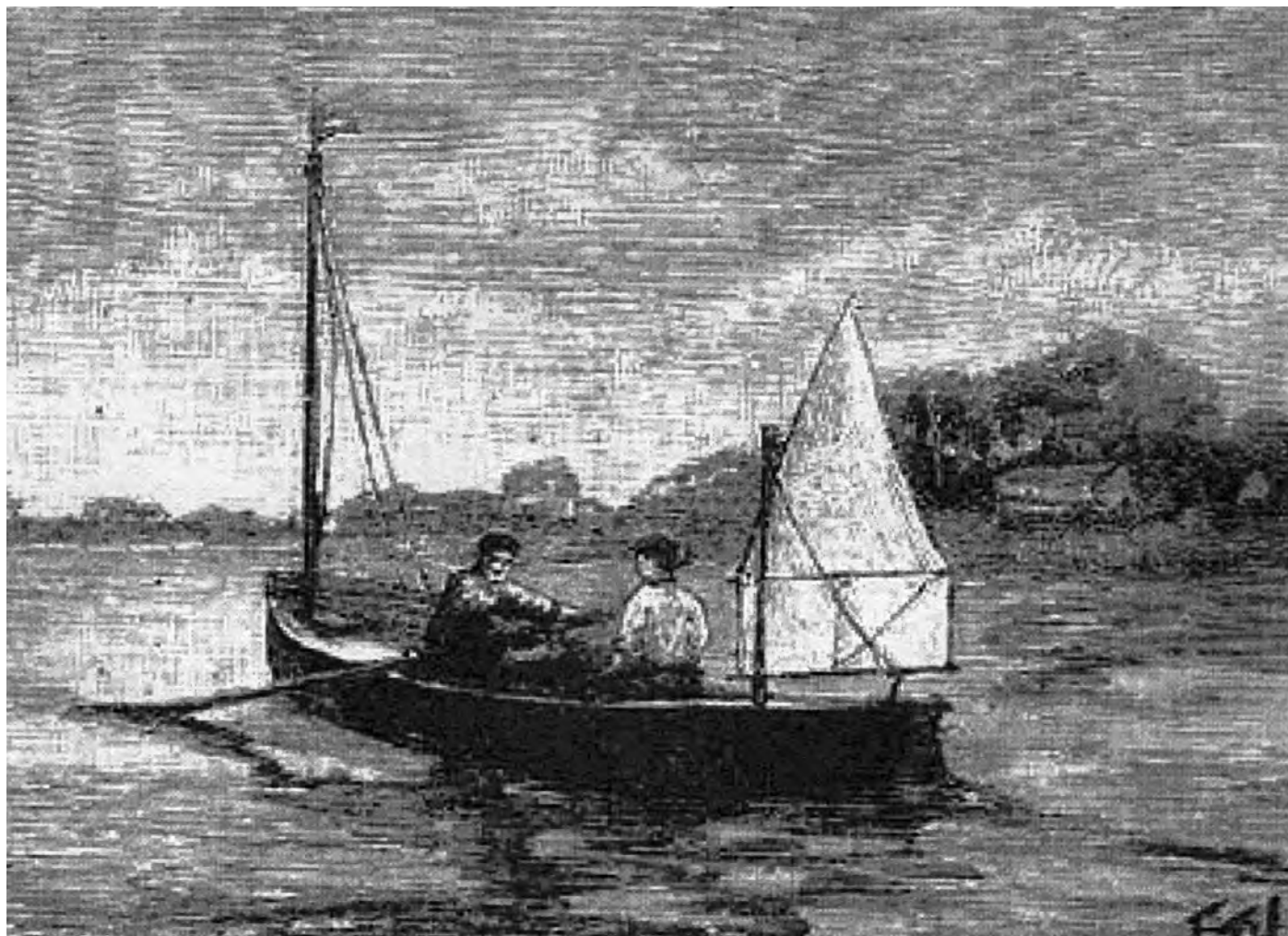
It was evening when we were afloat again, and with a gentle breeze blowing

across the lake, we hoisted sail and drifted before it toward the distant shore, the voices of the children being lost as we drifted farther and farther away.

It was indeed a lovely lake, surrounded with thickly wooded, gently rolling hills, and looking more like Old England than anything we had seen for some time. We camped on a mossy bank with a beautiful view across the lake, which was opposite the spot at which we camped, about two miles wide.

The sun set that night behind a troubled bank of clouds, the waterfowl flew in a melancholy way across the lake, uttering a plaintive cry, and in our hearts the knowledge that our happy cruise was drawing near a close made us feel just a wee bit down. Frank seemed in the mood for reminiscences, and began "Let's see, old chap, how many birds have you shot this cruise?" but a severe dig between the ribs caused him to stop such inquiries, and wind up with the consoling remark, "Well, never mind, perhaps you'll do better next time."

And with this sentiment I think I had better draw the narrative of our holiday to a close, feeling that if I have caused any reader of the *B.O.P.* to wish to dip his paddle with us, and join the glorious sport of canoeing, this poor description of a very jolly holiday has not been penned in vain. And with the assurance that he will find in canoeing a source of real pleasure and profit, physically and mentally, that few sports can equal and still fewer excel, I bid him farewell.



Royal Marines Lieutenant Colonel Kevin Oliver and Major Tony Lancashire sailed, rowed and, when necessary, dragged their NorseBoat 17.5 across the ice in an historic 1,400-mile voyage through the Arctic's Northwest Passage. For centuries the Northwest Passage has been a lure to adventurers and explorers seeking a northern link between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.

The expedition was conceived to support the UK-based charity "Toe in the Water," which uses adventure sailing to rehabilitate men and women injured serving their country. Through the expedition the marines were able to raise awareness and significant funding for the charity.

A NorseBoat 17.5 sailing and rowing cruiser was chosen by the marines for its seaworthiness and versatility. Built in the Canadian Maritimes by NorseBoat Limited, this craft blends high performance with classic lines. It can be sailed, rowed by one or two persons, and used as a camp cruiser with its abundant storage and sheltered camping accommodations.

NorseBoat president Kevin Jeffrey performed sea trials with the marines at Quantico Marine base in Virginia early in May 2009. The boat was shipped to the Arctic in June

Norseboat 17.5 Travels 1400 Miles Through Arctic

and the marines began their expedition on July 24, 2009 from the town of Inuvik located on the Mackenzie river two degrees above the Arctic Circle. After reaching the Beaufort Sea they traveled east toward the Canadian territory of Nunavut. It took them 42 days to reach Gjoa Haven on King William Island.

The two adventurers encountered a wide range of conditions, sailing to windward in extreme conditions, rowing on glassy seas, sailing steadily at 6kts with strong following winds, and being locked in ice floes for days on end. They also encountered charging bears, curious whales, and the warm, friendly people who inhabit the Arctic.

At the successful conclusion of the voyage Kevin Oliver and Tony Lancashire gave a glowing report of their NorseBoat:

"Arctic Mariner has been our home for six weeks and she has been superb. She has

been out in big seas, on, into, and off the ice, beached on rocks, and there are no dents in her hull, just the odd scratch. Her rig is simple and robust and she can be rowed at over 3kts by one person. And everywhere we go people say how pretty her lines are."

Kevin Oliver said of the voyage: "This has not been all plain sailing, we have had 90% more ice than the seasonal norm and, as a consequence, have had to drag the boat across ice as well as row and sail it. The weather and local wildlife has provided us with a number of heart-stopping moments which rank among the most memorable of the trip, all of which was topped off by the hospitality of the people we met. A great adventure!"

Tony Lancashire added: "Every one of the 42 days offered a unique experience, from the Arctic landscape and wildlife to the incredibly hospitable people that we have met in the northern communities."

To find out more about NorseBoat sailing and rowing cruisers, visit <http://www.norseboat.com>. For more details of the Arctic Mariner Expedition or to make donations to Toe in the Water charity, visit <http://www.arcticmariner.org>.



The NorseBoat's standard two-piece carbon mast with boomless fully battened mainsail and roller furling headsail proved to be a simple, efficient rig.



Kevin Oliver putting the sliding seat rowing unit to good use.



Someone who met Tony and Kev in the Arctic called them "cold, hard dudes." They are proving it here, dragging their NorseBoat 17.5 across the ice.

While not for everyone, nestled up to an ice floe can offer good protection and a peaceful anchorage.



The Marines carried large fenders to roll the boat up on a beach when necessary. Note the extension of the dodger, which served as a sleeping shelter for one man while the other one rowed or sailed.



During the 1950s there must have been a rash of cement contractor's mortar boxes/ cement tubs disappearing in the towns surrounding the Des Plaines River outside Chicago. Yes, when my buddy Joe and I first laid eyes on that rusty brown sheet steel open top box beached on the river bank with no one around, we promptly took command of it. It measured about 4'x7' and had a barge-shaped bow and stern. We were excited about piloting our first all-metal boat. This box was undoubtedly stolen from a construction site and left on our bank after the thieves got through poling it down river. We quickly scrounged up makeshift poles and shoved off like "Mike Fink, King of the River!"

After using it that day we carefully tied a stout rope to one end and tipped it back in the water, purposely flooding the 40lb steel hull to sink it in the muddy, dark waters of the river. We carefully anchored the rope and covered it so only we knew where our new-found boat rested beneath the water. We returned to that marked spot and used our mortar box boat several times that summer. We would locate the rope and pull the box out of the water, while dumping out the accumulated mud and water. It did require bringing cardboard along to sit or stand on because the mud was hard to clean off of everything. The mud gave off a musty odor but we were free to pole or paddle all summer.

We even brought our friends down for rides in the box. I brought my camera one sunny day and Bart and Jim clowned around in mid-river playing "Rock-a-Baby Splash." The two would rock the mortar box bow to stern until they shipped enough water to sink it to the bottom of the river, which was shallow at that spot. They would then raise the tub, dump it out, refloat it, and walk it back to shore. They would then pole back out for "retakes" like Hollywood!

Then came a late summer flood and, after the high water lowered, we found the mortar box gone. We figured the strong flood water washed it downriver. The following spring brought another discovery of a mortar box in the hands of our friend, Tom Hack, seen poling down the river. We hailed him and he paddled to our shore. He told us of other boxes he had hidden underwater also. We eventually procured one from him through barter of slingshots, traps, or camping gear.

Jim and Bart doing the Rock-a-Baby Splash.



Mortar Box Boat Adventures

By Bob McCauley

Now my buddy Joe and I had longed to journey down the Des Plaines River from Maywood to Lockport in boats. With springtime here we could use the fast current to help send us down river. We made plans to shove off during spring break from school. We now had one boat but needed two to carry all our camping gear. No more mortar boxes were available so I set about building another boat.

This was to be my third one. My second boat was a miserable failure as I had used cheap packing crate plywood which warped and bowed in the wrong places, allowing water in. My brother Larry and I got about a half-mile downriver on its river trial before abandoning the sinking ship! After that wet experience he grew a little leery of my boat building attempts. Since the *Tartanic* days (my first boat) I finally discovered wood screws as well as recycled nails.



Worst boat I ever made, No 2 in sinking mode after half mile on the river.

I constructed a 9'x3' fabric-covered double-ended boat, *Green Duck*. I used a surplus military pup tent for its tough canvas cloth and stapled it above the water line to

1" square stock. I used a green waterproofing agent to seal the outside fabric, hence the boat's name. I did install a 1/4" sheet of plywood in the center section which measured about 5'x3". The two pointed ends had only the fabric on the floor and were designated as "NO STEP" zones. It weighed about 10lbs and was my lightest boat so far. I was to paddle it 30 miles downriver, I hoped!

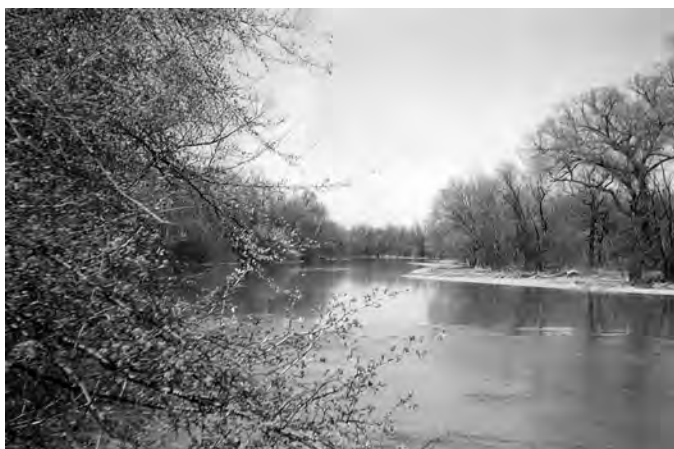


Infamous *Green Duck*.

Spring vacation finally arrived. My leak checks in the *Green Duck* proved it to be dry. Joe was to pilot the mortar box and I my new boat. The day before we were to launch downriver we managed to locate Joe's mortar box and pull it from the bottom of the river. We brushed it clean of mud and dried it out. We hid it under the bridge that night and got a ride from my brother Larry the following morning to the bridge. The duck boat got a free ride to the river sticking out of the car trunk.

It was cool and cloudy when we loaded all our gear into the two boats. Larry was to pick us up in five days at some downriver islands where we were to camp a couple of days. We shoved off and made good time in the 2mph current. Two hours later, amid driz-





The lower Des Plaines River where we camped on an island.



Looking south from our island campsite.

zle, we portaged around the 10' roaring Hoffman Dam in Riverside. The local authorities met and checked us over by the dam. The officers rolled their eyes when we told them where we were headed. Below that dam was another 2' dam followed by Class 1 rocky rapids. By now we were tired from portaging around the big dam and decided to run the little dam.

No problem. I went first and, after shoving off from the bank, I quickly paddled to gain control and went easily over the little dam. I had centered myself in the middle of the now noisy bumpy rapids. I entered the boulder-strewn lower section paddling furiously and scanning the eddies for hidden boulders. I hit a hidden boulder! The bow rode up upon the boulder top and stopped with a sickening crunch. The top of the boulder was directly under my seat. I rocked it back and forth to free it, but failed. I was stuck in my new *Green Duck* on a boulder in the center of the river in a noisy rapids. Try as I might, I couldn't free my boat using my paddle either.

I quickly looked around my boat and spotted water creeping in. The canvas was cut through beneath my seat. I turned around and looked upriver for help and who should I see barreling down on me, paddling like mad to control that cement tub, but Joe! As he angled toward me he shouted something but was drowned out by the noisy rapids. I quickly figured his plan was to come alongside of me, which he did in short order. This allowed me to reach out and grab the side of his tub, allowing his speed and momentum to drag me and my boat off of that huge rock downriver. In five minutes, with both boats held together by frantic me, we drifted down into a calm pool where he paddled us to shore. He was laughing and I was elated, scared, out of breath, and oh, quite wet!

My boat was leaking big time. We quickly dragged both boats onto land, turned mine over, and discovered an 8" rip in the center canvas. We immediately started a smoky fire (it was drizzling) to help dry me out. Next we went scouting for a metal bucket along the bank and, after finding one, headed for the local tarred road. With my WWII surplus Cattaraugus hunting knife we pried some tar from the cracks in the road and put it in the bucket. Upon returning to the fire we put the bucket next to the fire bed and tilted my boat on its side next to the fire to help dry the ripped area. After drying the canvas ripped bottom we applied the now heated liquid tar to the rip and applied a crude canvas patch

that I just happened to have tucked away for emergencies. It stuck well and passed a quick leak test.

After a hot cup of tea and some delicious sandwiches we loaded up and shoved off. We made about five more miles before we camped for a soggy night. We built another fire and dried out more wet clothes. Crows woke us up the next morning and after a cold breakfast we shoved off again amid more drizzle. We made a good ten miles but I damaged my boat's canvas again in some shallow rapids. That night required another tar party, but we knew the drill. I had saved the tar bucket from the day before as well as a little tar. Joe's mortar box proved itself a winner as it just kept banging itself from rock to rock. That steel hull refused to leak!

It rained again that night and we were getting wet. My pup tent leaked and Joe's hammock, slung between two weak trees, gave him backaches and little sleep. On a scouting trip for water I got chased by a pack of dogs and got away with one bite.

Soggy and low on sleep and water, we paddled along on our last ten-mile day. After two days of low clouds, drizzle, and rain then came... surprise! A sunny day finally arrived along with a nasty southwest wind right in our faces. Both boats had flat sides and the wind knew it. The downriver current was neutralized by the gusting afternoon wind especially in a two-mile section we had to paddle. With my boat leaking again, and neither of us making any headway into the wind and now waves hitting both boats, we joined up. I shifted my sleeping gear into his mortar box and climbed into his craft.

We towed my boat behind and it took both of us paddling like mad to cover those last two miles into the wind. It took two hours. We finally cleared that awful stretch and entered the island section with its shelter of trees and fast current. It was shallow in spots as we banged into boulders again and again. We cleared the big Isle of Cache, a former French/Indian trading campsite. Another mile or two brought us to our final campsite on an island just a half mile away from the end of Runway 9/27 of Lewis Airport.

The spring sun stayed out for our final two days while we kept a good fire going with drier wood and managed to dry out. My infamous *Green Duck* proved a good table or bench, when inverted, as things rolled to the center of the tar table. It was a pleasant two days on that island surrounded by Volkswagen Bug-size boulders sticking up left by receding glaciers. We saw green, great blue

and black crowned night herons, and white egrets which had flown in from their rookery on Lake Renwick five miles away. Geese and ducks were everywhere.

The crows were our wake-up call with one exception. One morning we awoke to an ear shattering roar as a converted corporate WWII Lockheed Lodestar twin climbed out over our heads. Don't camp at the end of a runway. With our jelly, peanut butter, and bread gone we paddled to the mainland and hiked up a dirt farm road to Highway US 66. Would you believe, on that corner was a "Diner!" We had one dandy breakfast.


After stuffing ourselves we went back to the island, broke camp, and left my infamous duckboat on the island. We paddled back to the mainland and met my brother Larry for a ride home. We religiously sank the mortar box, hoping to use it again. I returned a few weeks later and found it gone. Probably some lucky boys spotted it in the shallow clear water and took it for a ride. I wonder how many more mortar boxes are still in that river.

Epilogue

Joe and I graduated to more adventures in kayaks and canoes but never again were we to paddle together on the Des Plaines River. In recent years we met, showed slides of the trip, and reminisced, just before he died...

Occasionally I still paddle my Mill Creek 13 through the lower reaches of the Des Plaines River. Its banks and river views still bring back memories. The old submerged boulder in those rapids below the Hoffman Dam still waits for me to visit it again. Only who will bail me out next time??? And I do miss Joe...

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The International Scene

The top five container ports in the first half of this year were Singapore, Shanghai, Hong Kong, Shenzhen, and Busan. Rotterdam, once tops, fell out of the top ten while Hamburg dropped 28.7% to 15th place.

Is a 13-year-old girl ready to sail alone around the world in a boat named *Guppy*? Maybe. After all, she was born on a boat off New Zealand and had her first boat at age six. Mum says daughter is certainly technically capable but, at that age, not emotionally mature enough. Dad says GO! An English court placed her in foster care to keep her from sailing across the English Channel to Holland. Dad snatched her from the foster home and she sailed solo after all. Then a Dutch court put her under state care for two months while psychologists assessed her capabilities. If she leaves from New Zealand, authorities there said they think they have the capability to forbid her departure under existing "vessel and equipment must be safe" regulations. The Dutch court's decision will be announced later this year.

Meanwhile, a 17-year-old British lad arrived home and thus became the youngest person to solo circumnavigate the globe. As a tune-up he had sailed across the Atlantic solo at age 14.

Is the world running out of oil? BP's recent announcement of what it modestly described as a "giant" prospect that it calls Tiber hinted at other giant reservoirs in the Gulf of Mexico waiting to be found. All are more than six miles down but hasn't the industry come a long way since Kerr-McGee drilled the world's first commercial well out of sight of land six decades ago?

What is one to make of the *Arctic Sea* episodes? Was the Finnish-managed, Maltese-flagged, Russian-owned smallish lumber carrier really hijacked? Was sawn lumber its only cargo or was there something else of exceedingly high value hidden in it? Did it pick up a party of lost environmentalists and the master then refuse to let them off, or were they hijackers? Was there a demand made for a £900,000 ransom? Why did the Russian Navy rush ships into the Atlantic north of the Cape Verde Islands to search for the missing vessel when other sources stated they knew where it was at all times? Why did the Russian frigate *Ladny* escort the *Arctic Sea* all the way through the Mediterranean to the Black Sea for an investigation when Malta, should have conducted the query?

Thin Places and Hard Knocks

It was a bad month for two Mongolian ships. While anchoring in the Indian port of Paradip, the Mongolia-flagged bulk carrier *Black Rose* sank along with 25,000 tons of iron ore. All 27 on board got off safely. While in open water off Pulau Perak, the Mongolian-flagged *Hodasco 15* started taking on water via its engine and the *Boron* rushed to its aid, taking off all 18 crewmembers as the iron ore-laden ship sank.

In the Bangladesh port of Chittagong the government buoy tender *BLV Ali* listed and then capsized while trying to lift a submerged buoy. One man died but luckily the vessel was out of the navigation channel.

Typhoon Morakot sank the freighter *Changying* east of Taiwan, killing 22 Chinese crewmembers.

In the Philippines the 6,635-ton *Hera* sank, taking with it a cargo of logs from Papua, New Guinea but none of its crew of 21.

In the Indian port of Kolkata the tersely named Panamanian container ship *City* collided

Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

ed with the oh-so-imaginatively named dredge *Dredger-16*. Both suffered extensive damage.

Off the UK, while separating after a ship-to-ship (STS) transfer of oil, the tankers *Saetta* and *Conger* collided. Minimal damage to each.

At a channel intersection off Rotterdam the container ships *Nirint Pride* and *MSC Nikita* collided. A fire broke out on the *Nirint Pride* but was soon squelched by the crew and the ship returned to Rotterdam with its bow truncated and repaired to look much like a truculent bulldog. The *MSC Nikita* suffered a deep gash that submerged its listing afterdeck and was carefully brought into port towed by four tugs, its stern drawing close to 50'. After its containers were removed the ship was judged as a total loss.

Using the 600-mile Strait of Malacca between Malaysia and the Indonesian island of Sumatra saves ships sailing East Asia/Middle East from sailing an extra 994 miles via the Sunda Straits. Although the passage sees about 90,000 passages each year and carries about one-third of the world's crude oil, it is relatively safe due to a dual-lane traffic separation scheme. But the bulk carrier *Ostende Max* somehow managed to ram deep into the side of the naptha-carrying tanker *Formosaproduct Brick*. Most of the tanker's crew was saved and a brisk, smoky fire was extinguished within two days, but nine men were missing, trapped inside. Their charred bones were found later.

In South Africa coal being loaded into the bulk carrier *Ambitious Sky* at Richards Bay got too hot (the flashpoint is <70°C) and started burning so it was unloaded onto the quay for quenching.

In British Columbia the 50' liveaboard *Dagan* burnt to the waterline and sank. The owners blamed a hot-running laptop computer in the bridge area.

At Botany Bay in Australia the front of the boiler burner on the product tanker *Palmerston* was suddenly aflame. The crew called the local fire brigade but managed to quell the flames themselves and the ship sailed for Singapore the next day.

At Bootle (just north of Liverpool in the UK) the docked sand dredger *Sand Swan* caught fire in the engine room and the crew of two fled their vessel, but only after opening valves so the engine room was flooded. The fire was extinguished within two hours.

Residents in posh seaside apartments and condos on South Africa's Blouberg Beach in Cape Town's Table Bay woke up to find their sea views spoiled by the big bulk carrier *Sell 1*, which had gone aground broadside to the beach during the night after losing power and snapping its anchor chain.

Typhoon Morakot forced the German tanker *W-O Budmo* aground off Taiwan and injured both the master and chief officer.

At the mouth of Spain's only large navigable river, the Guadalquivir, the chemical tanker *Sichem Colibri* went aground in spite of having a pilot on board, but there was no spill.

The crude-oil tanker *Jill Jacob* lost steering and grounded on the Delaware Riv-

er but refloated itself without spilling oil by shifting ballast.

Within easy reach of the Batu Bethanti Lighthouse in the Singapore Strait the container ships *PAC Aquarius* and *James River Bridge* managed to run aground near each other on the same day in the early morning.

In Samoa the Samoan-flagged *Forum Samoa II* was alongside with a bad engine and authorities ordered it moved to make room for an incoming tanker. Tugs lost control of the freighter in high winds and it drifted onto a reef. Soon after the inbound fishing vessel *Tifa i Moana* questioned authorities about the ship but didn't receive a reply so they motored on past what they assumed was an anchored vessel. Soon the FV was also aground and the crew of two was walking over the reef to the Apia Yacht Club.

The container ship *Ever Elite* reported a crewman overboard as it neared Oakland in San Francisco Bay. His body was found ten minutes later by the pilot boat *Golden Gate*.

The chemical tanker *Neptune* was waiting to be beached at Alang for scrapping when clouds of fumes started billowing from the vessel. Investigators found the chief engineer dead and an assistant engineer badly in need of hospitalization.

At Port Freeport, a longshoreman reached out for the tag line dangling from a container of Dole fruit, missed, and fell into the hold. He was rushed to a Houston hospital.

At Brisbane, Australia, emergency workers in HazMat suits cleaned up a highly toxic spill of ethanalamine from a container onto a hatch cover on an unspecified vessel.

In China, 63 containers were reported to have fallen into the Yangtze River from the container vessel *Hanglong 51* when the vessel "tried to accelerate." Since 12 boxes carried toxic substances, Chinese officials were especially diligent in their retrieval efforts.

Just off the entrance channel to the Suez Canal, the 23-year-old empty tanker *Elli* broke in half and ended up with its ends resting on the bottom. It had been headed for a drydock for maintenance.

Gray Fleets

Bureaucracy rules! In the UK civil servants in the Ministry of Defense (86,620) now outnumber the combined manpower of the RAF and Royal Navy combined (74,090). Luckily for testosterone freaks the Army is 99,920 strong.

HMS Manchester returned from anti-drug patrols and a WREN aboard her brought 12kg of cocaine with her. It was found sewn in a rucksack and vest.

The Royal Navy really wants its two new QE class carriers but construction costs jumped another £1 billion.

And *HMS Clyde*, the 1,850-tonne patrol vessel for the Falkland Islands, had eight of its small crew sick with the H1N1 flu.

Russian *Akula* attack subs patrolled off the US/Canadian East Coast but the Canadians were not particularly excited. "Routine" was one word they used to describe their surveillance efforts.

The comedy act that is Australian submarines continues! Maintenance work on the four subs that are out of service (the two others are still sort of operational) was stopped because workers could be poisoned by the heavy metal cadmium used as an anti-corrosion plating on parts supplied by the US Navy.

As Navy vessels often have to do, a Swedish Combat Boat 90 was assigned to

show off for that nation's citizens. The warship was maneuvering at high speed in front of a festival crowd at Soderkoping when things went embarrassingly wrong. The vessel tried to stop, wobbled from side to side, and then bounced up and over the banks of the canal and skidded to a stop about 50' from the crowd. The navy is investigating.

White Fleets

Norovirus brought the *Marco Polo's* Scottish cruise to a sudden stop some seven days early when 44% of the cruise ship's 769 passengers showed symptoms. Several needed hospitalization at Invergordon.

The US Coast Guard arranged for a 42' local boat to remove a sick woman from the *Bremen* some 30 miles north of Prudhoe Bay in Alaska.

An Irish couple fell off a Brisbane cruise vessel while kissing. She was rescued but he wasn't.

A sightseeing boat hit a floating bridge on the Yellow River in Chinese Mongolia and capsized. Only six of 14 tourists survived.

Falls while on shore tours also provided dangers. A man from the *Norwegian Sky* was rock-walking on a remote part of Great Stirrup Cay with his wife when he fell in the water and died. A man fell off a catamaran as it returned to the *Freedom of the Seas* at Cozumel. He may have been chewed up by the island shuttle's propeller but "died from cardiac arrest." Doesn't everyone?

Those That Go Back and Forth

The big Philippine ferry *Superferry 9* listed, sent out distress signals, and sank in calm conditions. Most of the 968 people on board were saved by swift Coast Guard action, but 63 went missing. Some 30 hours later a woman supported by her life preserver was spotted and saved. The Philippine government told the company to stop sailing its remaining ten ferries until they could be inspected, but the company ignored the stop order.

Also in the Philippines the ferry *MB Minham* sank due to a failed engine and bad weather but all 28 on board survived.

Off Bali a small ferry carrying 29 sank and nine died while another three were missing.

In the African nation of Mozambique an overloaded ferry sank on Lake Malawi and 24 of the 50 on board probably died.

In Nigeria two small boats sank in a creek near Lagos and five of the combined 35 on board the two vessels died and 15 more were missing. One boat had started sinking and the second boat came to its rescue but then bad things started happening as passengers scrambled aboard.

Sometimes passengers had slightly less exciting moments. In Australia, off Sorrento, ferry passengers spotted a human leg floating by. Searchers were unable to locate it but two days earlier a possibly matching woman's leg was found on nearby Newhaven Beach and police hoped a distinctive tattoo on it might help identify her.

Legal Matters

Two chief engineers of the tanker *Georgios M* were charged with violations of US federal pollution laws and each faces up to six years in jail and a \$250,000 fine.

Two other engineers will serve only one month in jail for a similar "magic pipe" falsification of oily water records but the owner of their ship, the *Myron N*, will have to pay a \$1,000,000 fine plus make a \$350,000 contribution to the National Fish and Wildlife Foundation.

A Finnish ferry company was fined €22,000, the largest administrative oil spillage charge yet under Finland's Oil Pollution Act of 2006. Last spring the company's *Finneagle* leaked 5,000 litres of light oil in the shipping lane between the Aland Islands and the city of Naantali, Western Finland.

A French court fined a Lithuanian shipping company €580,000 (\$825,000), a fine larger than asked for by the prosecution, because its cargo ship *Eurika* had created pollution in an environmental protection zone off the French coast last year. €280,000 of that fine went to pay part of the master's €300,000 fine.

Illegal Imports

Nobody wants illegal immigrants and sometimes efforts are made to let the other guy make a rescue. For example, 57 Eritreans were rescued off the island of Lampedusa by Italian police who were somewhat unhappy because, strangely enough, many of the illegals were wearing Maltese Army lifejackets.

Eighty people "emigrating" from Libya to Europe set out in what was described as a "dinghy" but only five were still alive when picked up off Lampedusa. But 84 Somalis, including four pregnant women and two babies, were luckier with their voyage on a 10m grey rubber dinghy. They used a satellite phone to call for help and Malta's Armed Forces took them into Malta.

Elsewhere, the Australians added another 70-plus asylum seekers to its collection of 725 such people stored on remote Christmas Island.

Off Algiers two died when a small boat carrying 24 illegal immigrants collided with a Coast Guard vessel while they were trying to defy the Coast Guardsmen.

Metal-Bashing

Owners of single-hulled tankers (there are 566 of them) seem to be trying to squeeze in just one more voyage before scrapping them. Starting next year, single-hull tankers (with a few exceptions) are banned. Such scrappings would go far to offset the 8.3% tanker fleet expansion over the past year that has been coupled with a 13% reduction in oil production by OPEC.

The tug *Atlantic Hickory* was towing the laker *Algoport* to China for a new forebody and they were about one week from their destination at the Chengxi Shipyard when along came Tropical Storm Djuan. The ship broke in half and sank in storm created heavy seas.

Nature

The Montara oil wellhead off Western Australia started leaking gas and condensate (a kind of oil), probably because a well plug failed and that created a massive, miles-long slick. Nearly 70 workers were quickly evacuated and plans to stop the flow were put in hand. The company decided to tow the drill rig *West Triton* from Batam (an island in Indonesia). It would drill a relief well and the original well would be plugged with mud.

The bulkier *Gulser Ana* sank a few kilometres off Madagascar and it may have carried much diesel oil and other fuels in addition to 39,000 tonnes of phosphates. Locals soon reported that dead fish were floating ashore and beached whales had blowholes clogged with oil.

Flooding of the Sacramento-San Joaquin Delta was averted when the powerless or steeringless outbound freighter *Tasman*

Resolution punched only partway through the levee protecting remote Bradford Island.

Some claim that the Italian port of Venice needs to be dredged so it can accommodate ever larger ships. The plan is to spend at least \$370 million so the port can handle ships up to 400m long but an environmental group claims such dredging would help the city sink even deeper. The port authority countered by saying a \$6.1 million barrier system, expected to be completed by 2014, will reduce the risk of flooding.

Nasties and Territorial Imperatives

Piracy off Somalia continued much as before. Highlights of the month were a report that the ransom asked for the sulphide-carrying Turkish bulkier *Horizon 1* was an astounding \$20 million (it will probably end up somewhere between 10% and 20% of that figure) and the German Navy's use of gunfire to stop a skiff with five in it who were throwing weapons and a ladder overboard. One was wounded and later died while the others were taken into custody but soon released.

Five wooden cases of Israeli Galil assault rifles were found on the small bulkier *Captain Ufuk* at Mariveles in the Philippines. Ten empty crates were also found so some deliveries had been made, but to whom was the unanswered question. Government authorities wryly commented that the mostly Georgian crew did not, or pretended not to, know English and could not provide any documentation to show that the cargo was legitimate.

Shipping line ANL confirmed that ten containers containing North Korean arms for Iran had been loaded and sealed by a Chinese shipping company at Shanghai. The arms were discovered on the *ANL Australia* by United Arab Emirates security forces at the port of Khorfakken.

Odd Bits

Two Kiwi aircraft mechanics demonstrated their competence by converting a Toyota Hiace van into an amphibian and driving it across New Zealand's Cook Strait, often one of the nastier pieces of water in the world. This voyage must have been pleasant. It took less than ten hours, including a beer stop, and they were accompanied by several dolphins at times.

Maybe cap-and-trade legislation isn't needed after all? US Navy researchers reported on ways to hydrogenate CO₂ into methane and jet fuels.

The technology now exists to project images (a STOP sign, perhaps?) onto ultra-fine salt crystals positioned by a launcher in front of a vessel.

The Ukrainian freighter *Beriks* has not been welcome at Odessa because it carried 200 tons of rotting meat and needed repairs. It took nine months of waiting but authorities finally relented and the ship was repaired, with payments being made by a local shipping company and the Ukrainian transport ministry.

Three tough Texans survived eight days atop their capsized 23' catamaran sportfishing boat by drinking diesel-tasting "fresh" water used for cleaning fish slime off the boat and eating carefully rationed bubble gum and crackers. They were rescued some 180 miles offshore by a larger sportsfisherman named *Affordable Fantasy*, a boat owned by a Ford dealer. He used the familiar blue Ford oval logo as the center of the boat's name on the stern. Those rescued were unharmed except for jellyfish burns on their legs and they were looking forward to the deer hunting season.

Of Solo Ocean Sailing and a Waste Material Fantasy Fleet!

By Mark Steele

A keen solo yachtsman, radio talk show host, published poet and book author, one time lead singer and rock star with a band called The Mockers, and owner of the 18' ocean-going *Swirly World*, Andrew Fagan of New Zealand also indulged in a bit of whimsy when living on a houseboat in Britain, making a whole fleet of fantasy model sailboats built entirely out of waste material foraged and collected in London.

Swirly World, which he still owns and which was built by a Michael Brien, founder of the Church of Physical Immortality who called himself "the first World President of the United Planet," is built of plywood with a chined hull and Fagan not only sailed her solo from New Zealand to Australia but is known to climb aboard when he fancies and tootle off hundreds of miles away from New Zealand just for the joy of sailing and a bit of solitude. His book on the Australia trip, though I believe out of print, is well worth a read if the subject of solo blue water sailing is your thing. I have read my copy several times and always enjoyed it.

But what about the fantasy boats built and free-sailed on various rivers of the city of London? Built of scrap wood and cardboard, old boxes, plastic bags, and old cloth, the boats of the Saggymay Fleet (from a mythical land he invented), alas, are no more, condemned to be returned to the dumps when he and his family returned to New Zealand.

It is fair to say that they may well have marked that point in his life when the desire to write for young children emerged in Andrew Fagan. The waste squadron boats he created had weird and wonderful names like *Ferocious Fred*, seen in the photograph of Andrew in his floating armchair taken on the Lee River in East London in 2001.

There was a splendid galleon called *Gilly Dim Dim*, a solo offshore racer called *Mad Dog Malu*, *Sir Francis the Frigate* with her orange plastic bag sails, a boat called *Cuckoomateeny*, yet another called *Gaffer Gayle*, and a sailing smack (not from Falmouth but "Foulmouth") called *Slib Dib the Nib*, the only one of the Saggymay boat names to appear and play a staffing role in a published book (along with a virtually unsinkable model of that name) appearing in Christmas shops in New Zealand.

Andrew is a most likeable chap and one with a sense of humour. I didn't have to tell you that for I am sure you would have quickly guessed it from his choice of names. He and Karen have two sons and live in Auckland where they co-host a talkback nightly programme on radio. When he visited me he has a good laugh when he mentions that in his P Class racing days he once beat Russell Coutts!



Fagan and *Ferocious Fred*.



Fiona the Flagship.



Swirly World off the Auckland Islands 200 miles south of Bluff with Fagan aboard. (Rob Suisted Photo)



Sir Francis the Frigate.

Cyril the Ship of the Line.







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Notes on the Susan Skiff *Natalia*

Constructed by Tim Holter



This Susan Skiff, designed by Robert Steward in 1952, was built in October of 2006 in the 16-day "Build Your Own Susan Skiff" class at North House Folk School (now called "Building the Classic Wooden Rowboat"). I found it useful to work on after 5pm most evenings. Traditional boat building methods were used; lapstrake planking, wet heat bending of the chines, carvel planking of the boat's bottom which was caulked with cotton in the seams. The boat needed an additional 60 hours at home to finish details and receive paint. *Natalia* was completed in the spring of 2007. In putting the cart before the horse, I made the oars and rope fenders in classes at North House in 2005. What follows are some notes that anyone contemplating taking this course at North House might find useful.

Tools: The School has some, the instructor has more, and the necessary ones, but do bring your own. A tool list is issued to class registrants. A Boat Building Fundamentals six-day class held in conjunction with the Classic Rowboat class is conducted by the same instructor and thus many of the supplied tools may be in use when you need them. This is another good reason to bring your own tools, mark them with painted dots. If you can arrive to class with extremely sharp edges on your tools, so much the better.

Materials: The lapstrake planks are of white pine, all other wood is black ash, both are air-dried lumber. The fasteners employed are copper clenched nails, copper rivets, and silicon bronze cut-thread screws. Sikaflex, a modern substitute for centuries-old caulking/bedding formulas (of tar, white lead, and varnish) is used, but only in those areas of

the boat where water is likely to linger for long periods of time. Seams between the bottom planks are caulked with cotton rope and then payed over with Sikaflex. Despite paint and other wood preserving treatments, wooden boats absorb water. This swells the seams shut, making the boat watertight after some minor initial leaking. This is the type of boat can that remain in the lake all season long.

Miscellaneous: Photocopies of all the Susan Skiff plans (including, sail plans; mast + step, rudder, boom, and daggerboard case) and typescript sheets that the instructor uses are available from the school at modest charge. These will help with any construction at home if need be. I needed to telephone the instructor a few times with questions.

Future Plans: I intend to rig the boat for sail, generally as Steward's plans offer, excepting that instead of a daggerboard I prefer a small centerboard that can pivot. As well, I would pivot the rudder. The sail will be made of old-fashioned (real) cotton duck with perhaps a red logo sewn in it, the design for which is painted on the blade tips of the oars.

For more information on the North House Folk School boat building courses contact them at 500 W Hwy 61, Grand Marais, MN 55604, (218) 387-9762, info@northhouse.org.

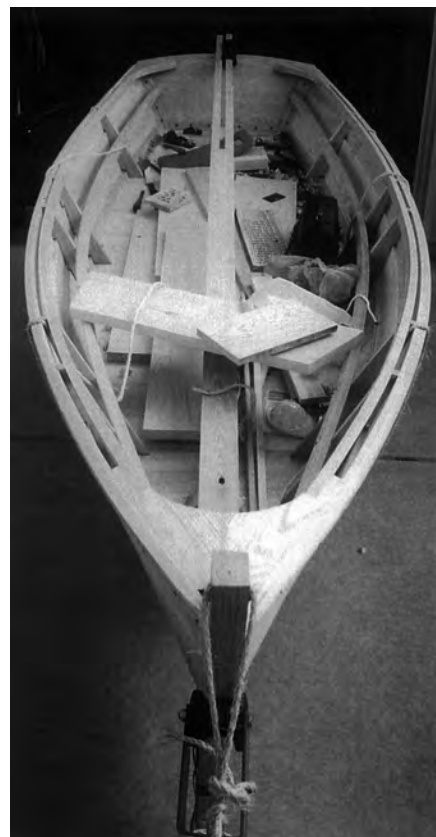


Chines in place, they were semi-steam bent beforehand. Nice transom, I think!

First garboard fitted.



Boats under construction at the North House School.



After 16 days of course work, at home and ready for me to finish out.



Finished out and ready to head for the water.

Looking pretty in the water.



It was the second weekend of August that I finally had *Dreamcatcher* rigged and ready for her second sail. After the “newsworthy incident” (capsized) of last fall *Dreamcatcher* needed a few changes before we could get her back in the water. The centerboard was not extending down as far as it should, it was binding at the forward part of the trunk. I corrected this and got almost double the depth. This was the likely reason she would not come about.

I also built a new mast that was about 30% lighter than the first. This mast was only temporary, to be used to get the correct angle that may also have been a factor in her failure to come through the wind. The plan was to make a permanent mast in a tabernacle when the correct angle and position of the step was determined. The mast weight was not too much of a problem for the boat, but lifting it over the bridge deck on a shaky trailer made for some concerns with safety.

Lifting and balancing the mast with all the rigging, and trying to get it through the deck, and only having the bottom 4' to hold onto, and all that 26' way up in the

Failure to Relaunch

By Greg Grundtisch

air was a challenge. But I got it in without too much trouble. *Dreamcatcher* once again looked great with those vintage cotton Dabbler sails bent on in the backyard. She looked very close the original with only a few modifications.

Then it was time to take it all down and get ready for the trip to the lake and a triumphant relaunch. The sails were removed, the rigging was secured to the mast, and the time came to pull it out of the step. It was rather easy to pull out. The problem came while trying to balance and move the mast off the deck and into the space where the cabin (removable to accommodate this procedure) would be. Moving the mast down into the cabin space I caught the edge of the bridge deck slightly, enough to cause the mast to lean back some. I tried to force it back to the upright position but it went a bit too far and I pulled back some.

It was too much and it began to lean past the point of no return, or the point where I physically couldn't stop its momentum and down she went. It hit on the mainsheet traveler (horse) and cracked in half, right at the joint. The joint (thickened epoxy) held but the cheap wood around it (hem-fir, actually hemlock junk) split from it. It didn't hit at full force either, but it cracked very easily nevertheless.

So, with this new “incident” we once again will have to wait for the next season as I don't think it can be repaired and made strong enough, and I don't have time to build another before the season's end. I also have to prepare for the upcoming MASCF, which will take some of my time.

Like the saying goes, if it weren't for bad luck I'd have no luck at all. I hope this boat isn't jinxed. Sadly I'll have to wait till spring to find out. The good news is she is all ready to go once I make the next mast. A winter project that can easily be accomplished. Look for an early relaunch in 2010, guaranteed!

Happy sails!



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I will surprise those who know me by saying that I am not going to describe a wonderful contraption of vanes and strings that will steer the boat, but rather I will tell in very few words how I think a boat can be made to steer a steady course by adjustment of her sails and foils.

A tendency for a boat to self-steer is very useful as it reduces the demands on the helmsman. Our objective is to make the boat sail at a fixed angle to the wind so that if the wind changes in direction the boat will follow. If the wind changes in strength it will not unduly affect the course steered and if something disturbs the course, such as a wave striking the bow, the boat will return again to its correct course. Beyond a certain limit, however, the stable condition will be lost.

Let's begin by thinking of the sails as merely objects that give the boat a forward thrust and a sideways (heeling) force. In Fig 2 I have shown an aircraft flying and the forces acting on it, and from childhood models I know that an aircraft is stable when set up in this way. Now look at Fig 1 showing two dinghies glued on top of each other to make an underwater aeroplane. In our case, the "waterplane" is flying on its side, the aircraft weight and engine thrust being equivalent to the lateral and driving forces from our sails. Fig 3 shows the forces on our waterplane or boat.

Notice that the aeroplane is balanced such that the tail is holding the nose up. The tail is pushing down and a very small force here can tilt the plane very easily. The lift is coming entirely from the main wing, which must be angled up slightly so it has an angle of attack and the tail is holding it in the required attitude. The direction of travel might be horizontal, or slightly up or down depending on the actual forces. In our case the angle between the direction of travel and the centreline of the fuselage is our leeway, typically five degrees. Leeway angle is the angle of attack of the centreboard. With the tail pushing down, as shown, it is equivalent to the tiller being to leeward and the lateral force from the sails must be positioned slightly ahead of the centreboard centre of lateral resistance. In short, this is a lee helm condition.

Now consider what happens if the aircraft tips downward by one degree (our boat turns to leeward by one degree). The main wing now gives less lift but the tail gives more as its angle of attack is increased. Due to the tail's long lever arm it has no trouble in tilting the nose up again. With our boat the rudder will quickly push the stern to leeward, bringing the bow up again. So we have course stability.

With Great Britain's Dinghy Cruisers

Self-Steering

By David Sumner
Reprinted from the *Dinghy Cruising Association Bulletin* #200

(David considers how best to get the boat to steer itself without the aid of any mechanism more complicated than sails and foils)

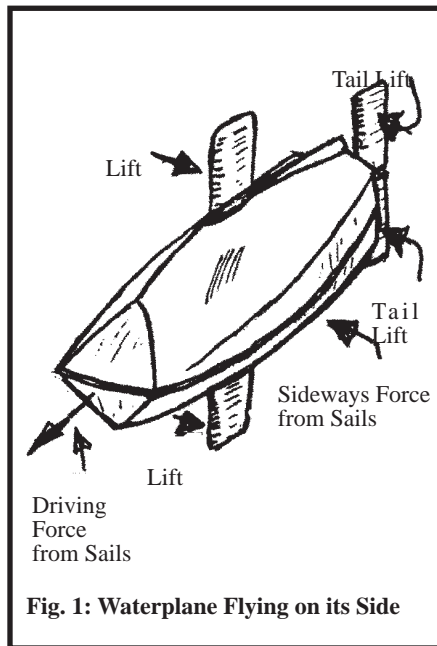


Fig. 1: Waterplane Flying on its Side

There are two limitations on the course that may be self-steered. If close to the wind, the sails will shake if the boat should turn a little to windward so it is necessary to sail a few degrees free. If sailing more than, say 75 degrees from the wind, a disturbance or a correction might gybe the boat. A well-balanced sail plan would help in this case because it would reduce the unwanted steering action caused by changes in wind strength.

If the wind is dead aft the only way to self-steer seems to be to provide some drag at the stern together with a balanced sail plan or per-

haps, as Joshua Slocum describes, a jib sheeted flat amidships in addition to a driving sail.

To create the self-steering effect it is necessary to have a slight lee helm condition. This can be achieved by moving the centreboard aft (by tilting it slightly), moving sail area forward, or adjusting sheeting angles. The tiller should be a few degrees to leeward when sailing a straight course and secured in that position. It is interesting to observe that the hove-to condition is an extreme version of what I describe, where the lateral force is moved well forward by backing the jib, the helm then being lashed a'lee. Anyone who has tried this will know the wonderful feeling of being able to take all hands off the tiller and more or less walk around the boat.

A lying-to condition is described by R.T. McMullen in his book *Down Channel* when, during a gale near Portland Bill, he jogs gently across the wind under jib alone with the helm lashed somewhat a'lee. I also saw whilst on board the barque *Endeavour* that whilst carrying sail on the foremast alone the wheel required minimal attention, but with sail carried on all three masts the ship continually tried to sheer off to port or starboard. When hove-to it is common for a boat to sail in a series of cusps, alternately coming up to the wind, stalling, and bearing away. This is caused when the amount of correction is too strong.

I should mention that I have a powerful rudder, being a long aerofoil section (NACA 0012) and the slight lee helm is not enough to prevent the boat being rounded up in an emergency. Interestingly, the usual weather helm condition, which is recommended for a sailing boat, equates to a tail-heavy condition in an aeroplane, which is considered dangerous as it can lead to a tail stall, equivalent to a broach to windward. As for securing the mainsheet, it is probably risky but a couple of overlapping turns can be taken around the tiller and instantly pushed off if a gust strikes. I would very much like to hear of readers' experiences with making boats self-steer.

For More Information About the DCA

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40 Grange Ave, Cheadle Hulme,
Cheadle, Cheshire UK SK85JP
United Kingdom
www.dca.uk.com

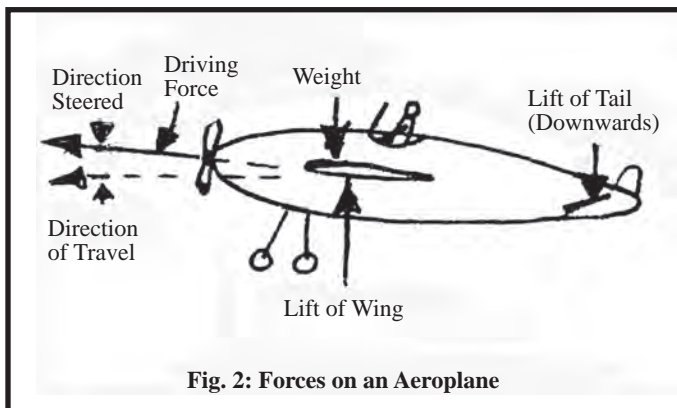


Fig. 2: Forces on an Aeroplane

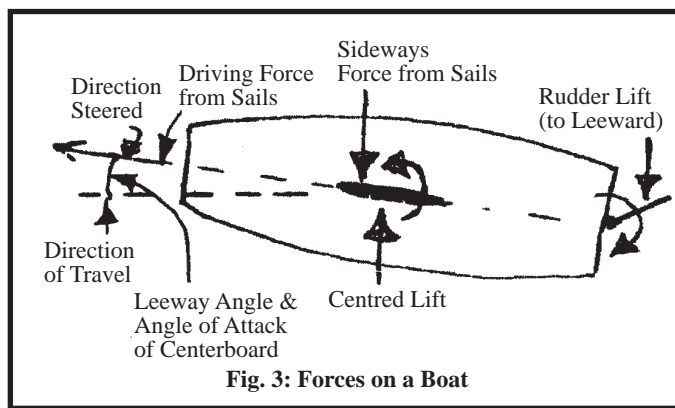


Fig. 3: Forces on a Boat

An Interview with Bart Hawthaway

By John Lee

**25 Years Ago
in MAIB**



I arrived at Bart's house on a Wednesday afternoon. He has a small hunting cabin in Weston Center with a deer hair wreath on his front door. I walked in and put my coat on an antler. His house was most unusual with stuffed birds and fish

everywhere, bows and arrows lined the walls, and guns were neatly stacked in a case. Bart had a large brown desk littered with blueprints of boats and pictures of his big catch. His curtains were held up by deer hoofs. Bart lives alone and his kitchen was small. Across the mantelpiece were many kayak and canoe trophies.

Bart is a gruff, middle-aged man, maybe 55-60, he is big and baldish with gray hair. He wears work clothes and walks with a limp.

After I entered the cabin I heard a muffled voice coming from the cellar. There I found Bart working. Bart has been making kayaks commercially for 25 years, before that he made them only for himself. Bart prefers the river kayak because you can go down river, plus white water and salt. Bart makes many kinds of kayaks: slalom, downriver, touring, trip, ocean, and surfing kayaks. Bart seems to always be working on something. As we spoke he was working on a canoe.

It takes him one week to finish a kayak. These are the steps: First you have to have an idea of what the shape is going to be and then you make that shape out of fiberglass. Then you make a mold and then you take your finished kayak out of the mold and then you paint it and do all the final adjustments.

Bart doesn't only kayak, he hunts and fishes. He is also a photographer and races kayaks. He says each year he has taken a dozen fish that weigh more than the boat. "Well, how do you land the fish?" "That's the fun!"

Bart makes many things other than kayaks and canoes. He makes paddles, spray covers, and anything that goes with the kayak. He also makes rods, bows and arrows, decoys, targets, and just about anything you can think of that has something to do with the outdoors.

Bart has won many trophies and has raced in the national championships. Only four people from the United States were picked to race in the kayak category. No, he didn't win but that doesn't matter, he says it was just being there that was important.

I am sure that Bart has been pretty scared in his career, like falling off a 17' vertical drop in a kayak. "Well, how do you tackle that," I asked. "You pray a little!" Bart loves to kayak and he encourages more people to try it.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Thirteen-year-old John got an A on this interview from his English teacher with an additional "Bravo" on the composition.

"Bob, you've got to look at this," Bart insisted as I came down the stairs into that basement boat building shop of his. "This" was a new open canoe, about 12' long, superficially resembling his Rob Roy sans deck. Well, it had some wood on it! The gunwales and backrest and breasthooks were in nicely varnished pine. The hull was Bart's standard olive drab fiberglass. "That's 14 pounds," Bart went on, "and could have been less but those brass screws holding on the wood added eight ounces."

"Bart, where will all this end?" I asked, perhaps partly rhetorically. It won't. "I mean, why a 14lb canoe, what's the matter with a 18lb or a 24lb canoe. They're still easy to carry?"

"Oh, well, I'm just a crippled old fud and can't be lugging around much weight anymore," Bart responded. Yeah. Watching Bart later that evening in the pool at the Weston School as he paddled a kayak through an intricate pattern around and about something he calls an English Gate, effortlessly matching the strenuous efforts of a young man doing the same in a parallel gate, I thought "some cripple."

Well, Bart is about to turn 60 and he is having some back problems and so on. But he doesn't let it get in his way aside, maybe, from that preoccupation with lightness. It's been nearly 20 years since he peaked out as a competitive kayaker and canoe racer, in 1965 at age 40 he became one of the four top Americans chosen for world class competition. He still loves to paddle and still has all the right moves. His class is totally devoted to him.

"Well, sometimes I have some students who just don't work out," he explains. "There are people that just never, ever will be able to paddle a kayak and it's a waste of time to even try to teach them." Opinion, decisive and irrevocable. "Then there are the ones who come in already with some experience who try to tell ME how it should be done." Mild outrage. "Sometimes we just don't like each other at all," he goes on, "but if the person shows some promise and is willing to listen, we can work it out." Bart spots potential ability and that's what he goes after. If he is found berating someone in the pool it is because he figures that person isn't measuring up to his or her potential.

Bart has the confidence of a man who has lived his life his own way. He is viewed as highly opinionated by many who know him and he does not disagree. It's hard to argue with Bart, he has his beliefs, he talks loudly, in part due to deafness, he doesn't much care to hear conflicting views that have no merit in his view. You try to argue with Bart you better know your stuff, be determined, and talk loudly.

Bart's been teaching kayaking for years in his area just west of Boston. It sort of is part of his business, building fiberglass kayaks and canoes of his own design. "I used to have to rent the pool here or there," he explains, "and then prorate the cost over the students." He now has a deal going with the town of Weston's adult recreation program in which he gets the use of their Olympic pool free and has only to pay for the lifeguard. So

those who turn up to learn from Bart pay a nominal \$2 a night to be taught by a master. And the lifeguard sits over on a bench, her swimsuit hidden beneath sweatshirt and slacks, she never has to budge.

Bart's a master. He knows his game and he is a superb one-on-one teacher. He has nine kayaks in the pool this evening, seven men, two women, maybe early 20s to late 40s. Some are quite skilled at working that English Gate or doing Eskimo rolls. Others grip the pool edge determinedly and practice the recovery part of that kayak rescue maneuver. Bart works each ten or 15 minutes on whatever they are at in their skill level, in a kayak doing gate maneuvers, in the pool getting the Eskimo rolls under control. He explains in clear, lucid statements, adds a bit of confidence encouragement, then over goes the novice, coming up a bit frantically.

"Good, good, that was pretty good, you nearly did that unaided," he'll say, voice booming throughout the echoing room. He had given but a light hand assist as the novice had reached a point partway up and was on the verge of toppling back upside down. "Now again, and this time..." And so it went for two hours, Bart just never stopping or showing boredom. A shout or two like, "Well, what are all you doing out there just sitting with two gates unused?" He'd looked up from a roll student and noted the empty gates. A hasty paddle to the gates ensued.

"This English Gate is the best way to develop your skills in kayaking," Bart will tell

you. It's a pair of poles hanging from a wire strung across the pool. There's an intricately choreographed routine of moves that takes the kayak back and forth and around the gate, frontwards, backwards, with rolls thrown in. "I once had the fastest time for this exercise that I know of," Bart muses. "I did it in 69 seconds. Nowadays these kids are getting down close to a minute. They're on a plane all the way, doing it on sheer muscle." The onrushing youth attack on old records has long since caught up to Bart but he still finds it amazing.

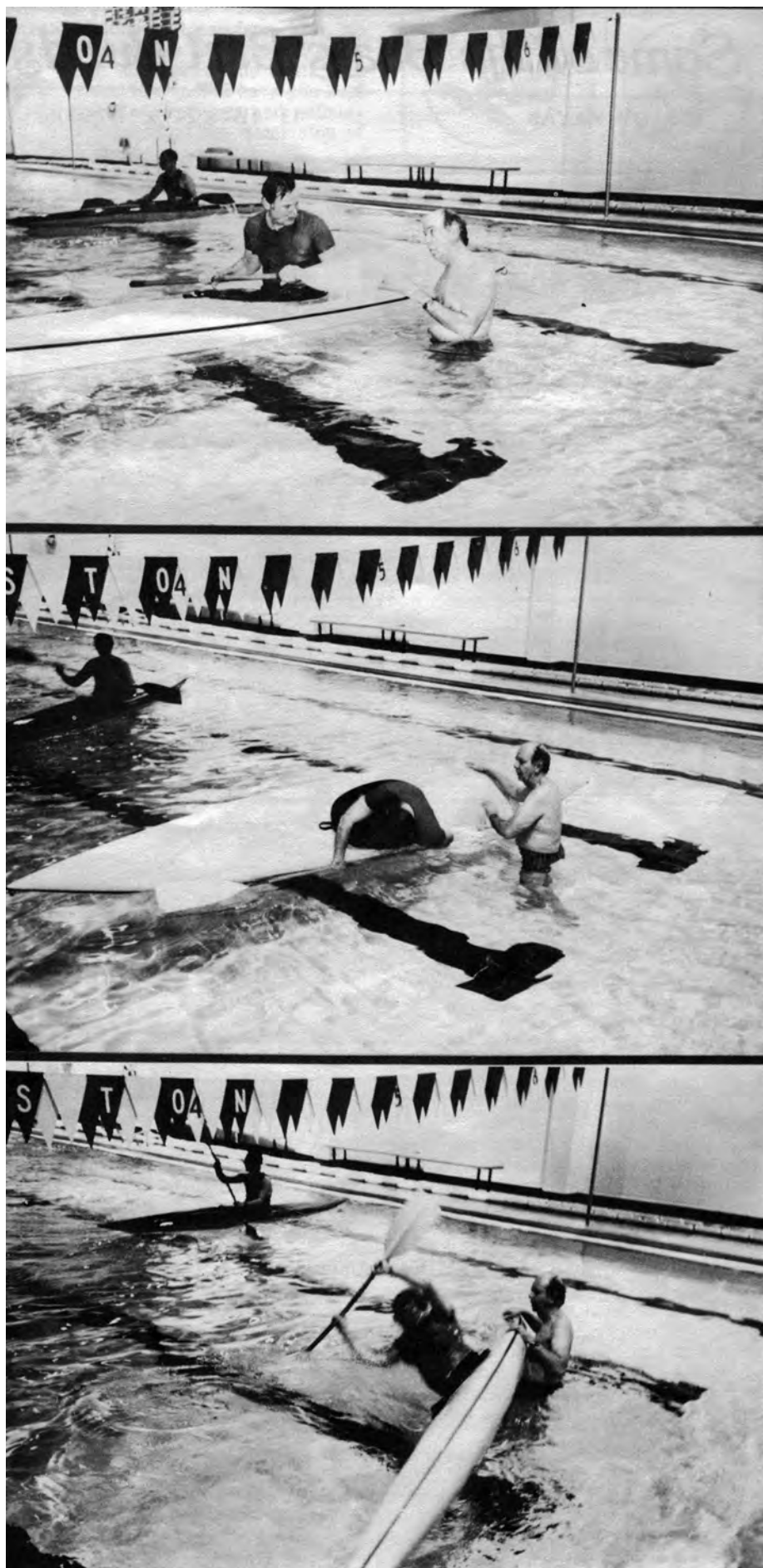
Bart has a swimming pool out back of his small Cape in Weston. In it he still trains and in milder season also teaches. "It's the greatest exercise there is for paddling control," he insists. He hasn't much patience with the current concern over self-rescue in kayaks and all the different sorts of potential techniques. "You've got to be able to roll," he insists, "anytime, anywhere, and in either direction, and without even having to think about it, just do it like you walk." He dismisses those who talk of being able to roll only to the right or to the left, or "sometimes."

And rolling and other techniques done in protected water (aside from training sessions) are likewise dismissed. "You have got to roll up in any sort of sea that put you under already into your next stroke to regain control," he elaborates. "You cannot come up and then look around and decide what to do next, you might just get rolled under again." Bart is strong on this self reliance and ease on the water. "Too many people today expect to be 'helped' by others if they get into trouble doing most anything," he preaches. Well, if you decide to go to Bart for instruction, plan on being driven hard, but also know you'll get really first class instruction.

All this is just a sideline for Bart Hauthaway, he gets no pay for it, he just loves to impart his enthusiasm for kayak and canoe to others showing interest. Bart designs and builds his own line of kayaks and canoes in the basement of that tiny house, "hunting camp" as John Lee had noted. Next to a cemetery and an open field, yet nearly in downtown Weston village, Bart works alone, building his craft to order, one at a time. He may have a side project going for himself or an occasional repair for an old client, but the new boats come out of the cellar one at a time. And the clients line up and wait their turn. "Right now I'm pretty caught up," Bart says, "and I'm working on only a six-month lead time." A recent order and deposit at the turn of the year will be filled late summer, in time for fall.

Bart builds his boats for people who want his boats and who do not cross him. He simply will not find time to build a boat for someone who just gets on his wrong side. His clients are incredibly loyal and he has no lack of orders as new prospects get to know about him from previous clients. Every boat he builds goes out with the owner's name imbedded in the glass inside. He counsels clients on the best choice for their needs, size, and capability. It's almost like some sort of club with the guru, Bart, at the focus. He doesn't think of himself that way, he just builds his boats as he wishes and feels the client needs.

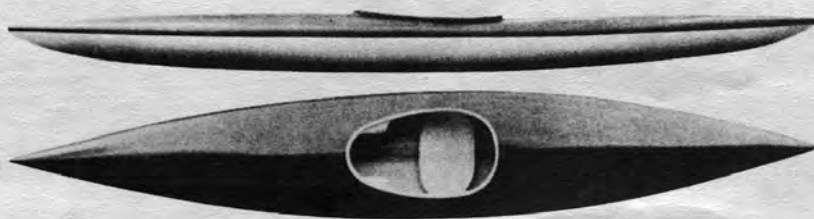
Right: Bart introduces a novice to the arcane art of the Eskimo roll, not too bad for a start, he has probably remarked here.



Some of the Boats Bart Builds

SLALOM KAYAK

13' 1½" x 24" x 11" 29 lbs.



DOWNRIVER KAYAK

14' 8" x 24" x 11" 30 lbs.

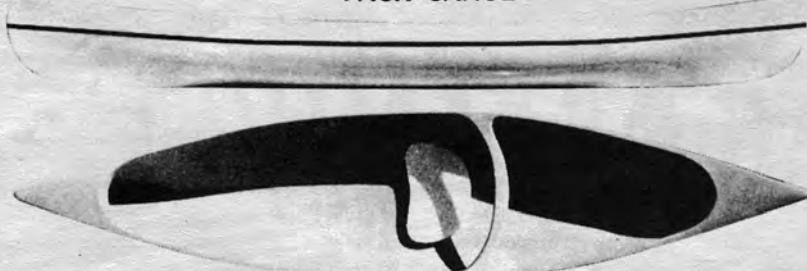


GREENLAND KAYAK

5' 3" x 24" x 11" 30 lbs.



PACK CANOE



Length: 10½' Beam: 27" Depth Amidship: 10" Weight: 18 lbs.

ALLAGASH CANOE



Length: 14' Beam: 32½" Depth Amidship: 11½" Weight: 45 lbs.

"Sometimes people just won't wait for a boat," he says. "They want one right now and when I say no, next September, they go buy some production boat." He doesn't mind and often later sees and hears of the distress of that person with an improperly chosen boat not suited to their expressed needs. Well, they didn't listen to him and wouldn't wait. So, on to those who will.

That cellar just reeks of polyester resin, but Bart no longer notices it. "I've just found a resin with less polystyrene in it, maybe that'll help," Bart tells us. It's a small cellar, jammed packed with building jigs for molds, partially finished boats or decks, or paddles clamped into molds. Over in a corner is a long split spruce log. "I'm going to build paddles from those with a hatchet," Bart explains. He's not dogmatic against using wood. Plastic is his thing though. It was nice to see the wood bits on that latest lightweight. His stock stuff is superbly finished, but oh so gleaming, the pervasive olive drab set off in some cases with brightly colored deck moldings.

Bart loves to tell the tale about paddles for *WoodenBoat* magazine's little lapstrake sailing canoe Piccolo. It was to be taken to the May TSCA meet in Osterville a few years back but Bob Baker, who had built the beautiful craft, had not gotten around to paddles. So Bart was thought of. "Sure," he told them, "I can bring along a set of paddles for you."

"Oh, that's great, Mr Hawthaway. They are, uh, wooden, of course?"

"WOODEN?" Bart responded. "OF COURSE NOT!" He chuckles still at that one.

Bart hunts and fishes, as John reports in his interview, and his literature usually shows him geared up appropriately with a brace of ducks or a deer slung across his tiny decked canoe. His hunting camp is indeed a great place to visit once you get accustomed to the clash of rustication and polyester. So one reason people wait for boats is Bart is off hunting or fishing. He has licenses in most New England states for bow hunting and exercises all of them. He camps in his Subaru 4WD wagon and cartops two or three of his boats atop it when going to small craft meets. "I was the first builder in fiberglass to get invited to the Mystic Small Craft meet a few years ago," he chuckles.

Bart really loves good functional boats and his designs follow, in many cases, traditional lines because they work best. His popular Rob Roy is a copy of that traditional design and his canoes follow traditional canoe lines and style. But he does superb work in glass and resin and his customers (clients) end up with great-looking boats that last and last. Once you get to know Bart and he decides you are OK, he's just a fascinating raconteur of kayak and canoeing tales and opinions. His enthusiasm is undimmed, all those years and years and years of paddling, all that struggle up to the competitive heights, the long slide into being a has-been, the endless sessions with ever renewed troops of eager novices wishing to learn from him, no sign of boredom, no jaded cynical comments about the sport, the boats, the people. "Bart, how in hell have you kept up this boundless energy and enthusiasm?" we asked at the conclusion of that evening's pool session.

"Bob, you've got to realize that paddling is an interpretive art and each time I paddle I'm creating something new or learning still."

Editor Comments (2009): Bart's been gone now for a number of years and there are many of us who knew him well who sorely miss him. One last story:

Toward the end of his life, after two successive operations for heart failure, Bart had to cook a meal at the rehab facility to show he could return to his bachelor life and take care of himself. The staff enjoyed the steaks

he broiled for them but noted the taste not quite what they had anticipated. When asked about them, Bart told them they were venison from his last deer hunting trip. Immediately there were white faces and gasps of distress amongst the group, for Bart had fed them Bambi for lunch!

Bart's "self-rescue" procedure for his small canoes is really more of a method for going for a swim on a hot summer afternoon from the boat and still being able to get back in, in time for tea. After his dip he rights the canoe, lifts it up overhead to drain out the excess water, tosses it upright through the air, then climbs aboard, the near gunwale supported by a PFD for extra buoyancy.



Bart Hawthaway
640 BOSTON POST ROAD
WESTON, MASSACHUSETTS 02193
TEL.: (617) 894-1027





Lotsa rigging with traditional deadeyes.



Two Banks dories on deck with traditional fishing gear within were sufficient to show how dories were nested on deck.



Meanwhile the real "lifeboats" were these canisters of inflatables on top of deckhouse roof.

Mainmast with traditional wooden mast hoops.



The *Bluenose II* was in Town

By Bob Hicks

Labor Day weekend saw the arrival in Gloucester, Massachusetts, of schooners of many shapes and sizes for the annual schooner races held on the date. In the past I had endeavored to view the races themselves from a friend's small sailboat but the nature of such races, well off from the coast, doesn't offer much for the spectator. It's a participant sport.

This year the Gloucester Maritime Heritage Center hosted a Heritage Day on the Saturday and the main attraction at the Center's harborside site was Nova Scotia's famed *Bluenose II*, replica of the original *Bluenose*, victor of many of the annual races between that Province and Gloucester from 1920 to 1938. *Bluenose II* was to be open to public inspection at no charge throughout the day, so I decided to drive over there (15 miles) and have a look.

Early is best when the public might be showing up so at 10am there I was at the dock and there she was, *Bluenose II* in all her splendor. Hardly anyone was about as yet so I went right aboard and had a look around. I took the photos that accompany this report while I could still get clear shots of some of the vessel's details.

This is a schooner "yacht," brightwork was everywhere, even the decks, with no requirement of "no shoes please." Just about all the wood was varnished (or coated perhaps with a more durable substitute that looked the real thing). *Bluenose II* is a showpiece yet she sails along the East Coast six months out of the year showing the flag for Nova Scotia. She would not be in the scheduled races the following day, her brochure states that, "*Bluenose II* does not race, as there is no desire to tamper with the fame and glory won by *Bluenose*."

After losing to Gloucester's *Esperanto* in 1920, *Bluenose* went on to win 17 straight years over a variety of Gloucester challengers. In 1938 the final race took place and *Bluenose* was named "Queen of the North Atlantic." Despite her achievements, hardnosed (bluenosed?) owners sold her into the Caribbean trade in 1942 and she went aground in 1946 on a Haitian reef and was lost, so far from her home and days of glory.

Bluenose II was built in 1963, identical to the original, and was sold to the Province of Nova Scotia in 1971 for \$1 to become its goodwill ambassador. She's still at it 38 years later and looking great. All the details are reprinted here from the official brochure and my photos will give you a glimpse at this unique vessel's charms.

Oh, the brightwork! Skylight with storage box on varnished deck. All gleaming.



Long, long booms looking aft, 32' and 81' with the latter (main) holding world's biggest mainsail at 4,150sf.



All the way to the top of the mainmast is 125'!



"No Admittance" belowdecks, here the engine room companionway. From below the Diesels could be heard muttering, running all the ship's electrical equipment.

The engine room control panel undercover on the starboard deck amidships.



Early in the 20th century a friendly rivalry existed between the schooners of the fishing fleets of Canada's Maritime provinces and the New England states. In 1920 *Halifax Herald* owner, William H. Dennis, fueled the competition by establishing an official racing series and donating a splendid new prize known as the International Fisherman's Trophy.

That year contenders were selected through elimination races held in both Canada and the US. The two winners of that series, *Esperanto* of Gloucester, Massachusetts, and *Delawana* of Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, raced a fall series with *Esperanto* emerging as the winner.

With the prize lost, Nova Scotians commissioned young Halifax naval architect William J. Roue to design a new schooner to compete for the trophy. The *Bluenose* was built in the Smith & Rhuland Shipyard in Lunenburg and launched March 26, 1921.

In October 1921 the *Bluenose* beat Gloucester's *Elsie* and brought the trophy home to Nova Scotia. For the next 17 years the *Bluenose* defeated all contenders, including *Henry Ford*, *Columbia*, and *Gertrude L Thebaud*. And during this period *Bluenose* earned her keep and was high-liner of the Lunenburg fishing fleet on a number of occasions.

In 1938 the *Bluenose* defeated the *Thebaud* in the final race series and was named Queen of the North Atlantic fishing fleet. The *Bluenose* was the pride of Nova Scotians, especially the shipwrights and sailors who built and sailed her.

World War II marked the end of the great fishing schooners. Modern Diesel-powered steel trawlers began to replace them in the search for cod.

In 1942, despite the efforts of *Bluenose* Master, Capt Angus J. Walters, and others to keep the ship in Nova Scotia, the vessel was sold to the West Indian Trading Co and for four years carried freight in the Caribbean. On January 28, 1946, the *Bluenose* struck a Haitian reef and sank.

Established in 1972, the Lunenburg Marine Museum Society is a not-for-profit volunteer group that operates the Fisheries Museum of the Atlantic and the schooner *Bluenose II* for the Province of Nova Scotia.

Members of the society are steeped in knowledge of the sea, many with far-reaching family roots in all things maritime. They combine that with a depth of marine and business experience.

Bluenose II is operated by the Lunenburg Marine Museum Society on behalf of the Province of Nova Scotia and is used to promote the Province and help preserve the legacy of the original *Bluenose*. Since its origins in 1967 aboard the schooner *Theresa E. Connor*, the Fisheries Museum of the Atlantic has become a world class maritime facility. It has expanded to include a complex of historic buildings, exciting exhibits and activities. Its boat building programme, hands-on creative enterprises, extensive aquarium, and sheer dedication to the sea have made the museum a lively maritime destination.

The Fisheries Museum of the Atlantic is located on the waterfront of the UNESCO World Heritage Site of Old Town Lunenburg, Nova Scotia. Together the museum's retired fishermen, skilled staff, and crew of *Bluenose II* bring the golden age of sail vibrantly to life.

To learn more about *Bluenose II* and the Fisheries Museum of the Atlantic, contact them at PO Box 1363, Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, Canada B0J2C0, toll-free (866) 579-4909, www.schoonerbluenose2.ca.

Bluenose II

Queen of the North Atlantic



Naming the *Bluenose*

Two legends are worth noting here. The first, often referred to by historians, says crewmen aboard schooners that carried blue-skinned potatoes grown in Nova Scotia to ports in the US were nicknamed Bluenosers. Another story states that fishermen would wipe their noses with their blue mittens as they fished in dories in the cold North Atlantic. The blue dye from the wool left them with blue noses. This is widely discounted though, as fishermen were very superstitious and it was thought to be bad luck to wear colored mittens.

Some Facts about *Bluenose II*

Home Port: Lunenburg, Nova Scotia

Launched: July 24, 1963

Built from identical plans as original *Bluenose* in the same shipyard of Smith & Rhuland by some of the same men.

Identical to *Bluenose* in design of hull, rigging, and sail plan.

The masts, booms, gaffs, and deck are made of Douglas fir. Deck hatches, skylights, and structures are made of mahogany and the hull is red oak, spruce, and pine, with galvanized iron fastenings.

Acknowledged to have the largest working mainsail in the world, measuring 4,150sf. Total sail area measures over 11,000sf.

Has always been painted black, as was *Bluenose*.

The top speed logged under sail is 16kts. Cruising speed is 8kts.

The wheel doesn't actually face backwards as many may think. The helmsman stands to one side and faces forward.

Sold to government of Nova Scotia for \$1 in 1971 by the Oland family of Halifax and represents Nova Scotia as a sailing good-will ambassador.

Does not race as there is no desire to tamper with the fame and glory won by *Bluenose*.

Voyages to various Canadian and US ports are used to promote Nova Scotia tourism and trade development.

Visits festivals and events at seaports around Nova Scotia in the summer months and provides unique public sailings and charters.

Instructions to the deckhands in the traditional skills of seamanship are an important task of the officers.

A complement of 16 makes up the co-ed crew, consisting of four officers, a chief cook, and 11 deckhands.

All crew members live onboard during the ship's six-month season.

Her image has graced the Canadian dime since 1937. Subject of a Canadian stamp in 1929. Capt Walters was so honored in 1988 as was W.J. Roue in 1998.

Symbol of Nova Scotia around the world, representing excellence in ship design, ship building, and seamanship.

Specifications

Sail Plan


Jib Topsail	955sf
Jib	919sf
Jumbo (Fore Staysail)	620sf
Foresail	1,495sf
Fore Gaff-Topsail	600sf
Fisherman Staysail	1,450sf
Mainsail	4,150sf
Main Gaff-Staysail	910sf
Total Sail Area	11,139sf

Dimensions:

Sparred Length	181'
Length, Deck	143'
Length Waterline	112'
Beam	27'
Draft	16'
Displacement	285 tons
Bowsprit Projection	17'6"
Foremast Height	118'
Mainmast Height	125'10"
Fore Boom	32'10"
Main Boom	81'
Fore Gaff	32'11"
Main Gaff	51'

Engines:

Twin Caterpillar Diesels (250hp each)



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Schooner 18

“What if it was a Little Bigger?”

By Fred Shell
www.shellboats.com

After a wonderful season's use of my Schooner 15½ I had to start thinking, what if it was a little bigger? Well, this is my answer to that question. The Schooner 18 is a luxurious daysailer for two to four with pretenses of being a basic cruiser for one to two. The hull and rig are essentially scaled-up versions of the Schooner 15½. The bilge keels provide good lateral resistance as well as easy and upright beaching.

The aft cabin is quite adequate for sleeping, changing clothes, using the por-

table head, and stowing gear. It also has a small counter space for a one-burner stove and a water jug. Including the 20" of space under the bridge deck, the clear flat area is 6'6" long. Headroom under the hatch is 36". The aft cabin configuration makes wheel steering a practical necessity. Some will miss the lost feel of the tiller, but for me the wheel turns this boat into a little ship!

The rig has all the features of the Schooner 15½. Test sails have shown the 18 to be a very nice performing craft. The maximum speed under sail so far has been 8kts and about the same under power (3.5hp Tohatsu). The aft cabin separates the helm from the outboard motor enough to make motoring a quite pleasant experience. Power could go up to 6hp, perhaps more. Rowing is also a reasonable option.



Schooner 18

Length 18'0" – Beam 6'2" – Draft 11" – Weight 450lbs
Sail Area 118sf – Fore Sail 50sf – Main Sail 68sf
Finished Boat \$7,900 – Kit \$3,850



Schooner 15-1/2

Length 15'6" – Beam 5'3" – Weight 155lbs
Sail Area 94sf – Finished Boat \$4,200 – Kit \$2,400

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Steel Yachts Anyone?

Somehow we got on the publicity release list for the following two expedition yachts. Both releases arrived on the same day in identical envelopes with identical address labels. Normally I don't run this sort of thing but this time I thought I'd share with you the possibilities out there should you tire of more modest wooden or fiberglass boats.

Boundless Yachts Launches 90' Triple-Jet-Drive Yacht



Boundless Yachts LLC, evolving from close relations to lake and river boats, has launched their first offshore vessel, the Boundless 90. "With fun and freedom as our prime building criteria, this 90-footer is ready to entertain large parties in a spacious open layout with excellent cruising capabilities," says Charles Lovell, III, the project coordinator. Designed for island exploration and traveling both the ICW and offshore, the Boundless 90 was built by Custom Steel Boats of Merritt, North Carolina, with naval architecture by Robert C. Johnson of Niagara-on-the-Lake, Canada.

Triple HamiltonJet waterjets offer the Boundless 90 tremendous flexibility for cruising areas such as the Florida Keys and parts of the Bahamas, previously unreachable by other yachts. The yacht's modest 2'6" draft allows confident navigation of shallow passages as economically or as quickly as desired.

"The vessel met her speed targets which thrilled not only the architect and the owners but the engine and jet drive companies," said Teresa Flowers, VP at Custom Steel Boats. The yacht has a cruising speed of 20kts and a 26kt top speed.

Guests can enjoy her exceptional accommodations that include an extraordinary 7'11" ceiling height and interior appointments featuring cherry wood throughout. Four ensuite staterooms accommodate eight guests for charter or living aboard. The yacht's open layout is also suitable for use as a mother ship for fishing and diving expeditions.

Preliminary drawings for a Boundless 120 are also underway. Designed for adventure and speed, the yacht features single, dual or triple jet drive options for liveaboard and coastal cruising.

Backed by over 84 years in the boating industry, Boundless Yachts LLC, is an emerging yacht company reshaping the yachting and boating community. Boundless Yachts has migrated to the offshore category to introduce a new generation of semi-custom leisure yachts between 78' and 120'.

Charley Lewis, Southern Yacht Sales, LLC, (252) 638-5550, email charley@southernyacht.com



Citadel Yachts Delivers 92' Tri-Deck Expedition Yacht



Aleutian Yachts, builders of steel expedition yachts from 82' to 122', is now building yachts under its wholly-owned subsidiary, Citadel Yachts. "When we realized that another builder was using the Aleutian name for one of its models, we decided to avoid confusion and re-brand our vessels under the Citadel trademark. This allows us to guarantee our customers the quality and service that falls under our specific brand," says Greg Ward, CEO of Aleutian Yachts.

This high quality is demonstrated by the 92' tri-deck expedition yacht *Miss Lisa*, the company's most recent delivery. "I am quite certain that *Miss Lisa* is the highest quality steel expedition yacht ever built in America," said owner's representative Mark Masciarotte. He added that the yacht is sure to draw a crowd due to her impressive specifications, her magnificent paneled interior by renowned designer Joseph Artese, and her spacious arrangement which includes a full-width, on-deck master suite, three double guest staterooms, and two double crew cabins.

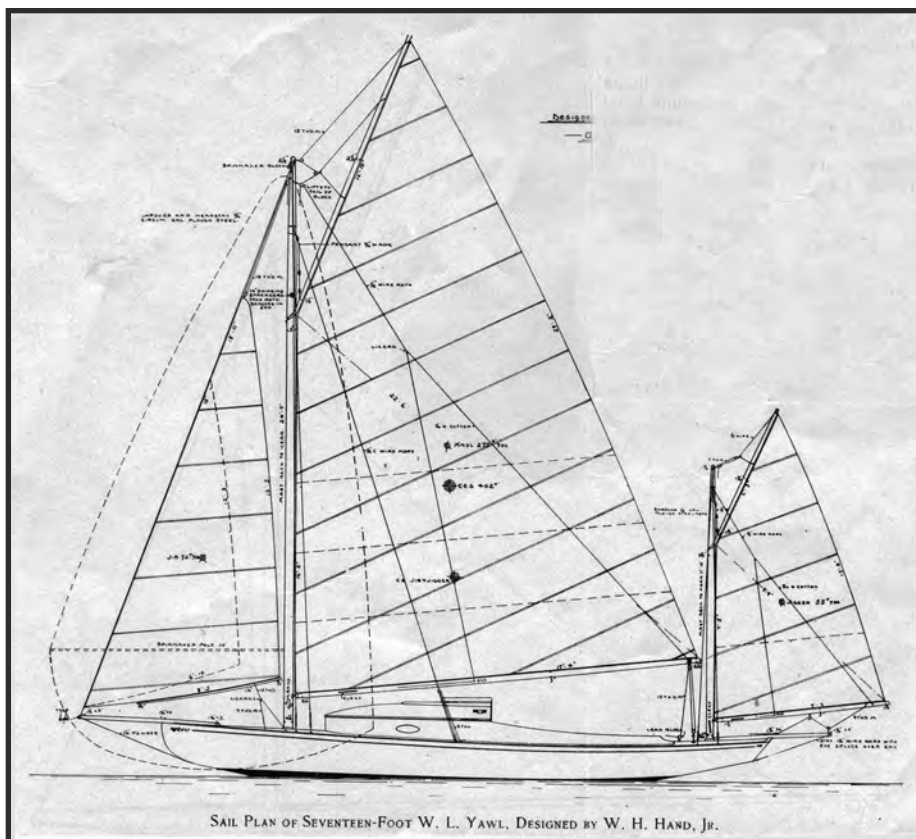
Miss Lisa's owner has extensive long-range cruising experience as evidenced by his choice of steel for optimum strength and durability. His decision to build at Aleutian is also a testament to the company's ability to build yachts equipped with the utmost in safety standards while offering comfortable cruising in the most demanding sea conditions.

Citadel's next project will include a 102-footer featuring a 28' beam. Planned for a spring 2010 launch, her interior square footage parallels most yachts that are 20' longer.

Aleutian Yachts has been building steel yachts since 2004 with a consistent focus on providing the safest vessels possible with unsurpassed interior volume and long-range cruising quality.

Benjamin T Snead, Citadel Yachts, (252) 675-5555, email ben@expeditionyachts.com





Designs from THE RUBBER 1903

17' Waterline Yawl

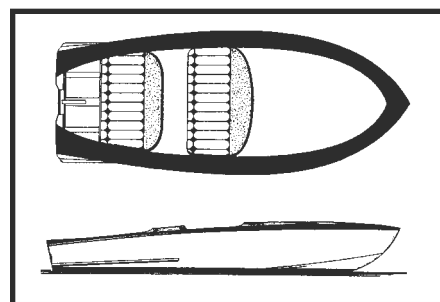
The accompanying yawl plans show a boat designed by Wm. H. Hand, Jr. of New Bedford, Massachusetts, for George Schofield, Esq. of Toronto, Canada. The boat is of a type the designer has been consistently developing and which has given much satisfaction. The design was made to produce a handy little boat for afternoon sailing and short cruises, and the plans give promise of admirably fulfilling these requirements as the size and rig will give the owner a boat which can be easily handled alone in any weather and under reduced canvas the boat should work nicely in the hardest winds. The cabin is large enough for a couple of men to sleep in and a cruise of considerable length could be taken very comfortably. The owner is building the boat in his leisure time and expects to have her ready for launching early in the coming season. The dimensions are as follows:

Length overall	26'0"
Length waterline	17'0"
Overhang, bow	4' 0"
Overhang stern	5'0"
Beam	7'2"
Draught	3'0"
Freeboard, bow	2'3"
Freeboard, stern	1'9"
Freeboard, least	1'5"
Displacement	3,870lbs
Sail Area	402sf
Headroom in cabin	3'11"

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Designs

#2 Zip

A 14' Classic Style Runabout
Build in Plywood



Characteristics

Length overall	14'4"
Beam	5'9"
Hull depth	27"
Hull weight (approx.)	375lbs
Average passengers	1-4
Hull type:	Vee bottom hard chine hull developed for sheet plywood planking
Power:	Outboard motor to 40hp
Trailer:	Designed for use with Glen-L Series 1000 boat trailer plans

Description

Zip is a high speed, deluxe sport runabout in the classic style. She furnishes all of the flashing speed, thrills, and performance that one could hope for. Ideally suited for towing water skiers or showing the local lads a clean pair of heels. Zip can also be finished as a utility with a large open cockpit for fishing or general use. With her flaring sides she is very dry. The bottom design allows for quick starts and excellent performance with a generous vee forward to cushion the ride. A roomy 5'9" beam assures stability.

Plans and Patterns

Complete plans include full size patterns for the stem, breasthook, and transom knee and half-section patterns for each of the frames and transom. Includes Instructions, Bill of Materials, and Fastening Schedule.

Frame Kit

- Frames fully assembled
- Transom fully framed
- Stem
- Breasthook
- Transom knee
- Complete Plans with Instructions, Bill of Materials, and Fastening Schedule



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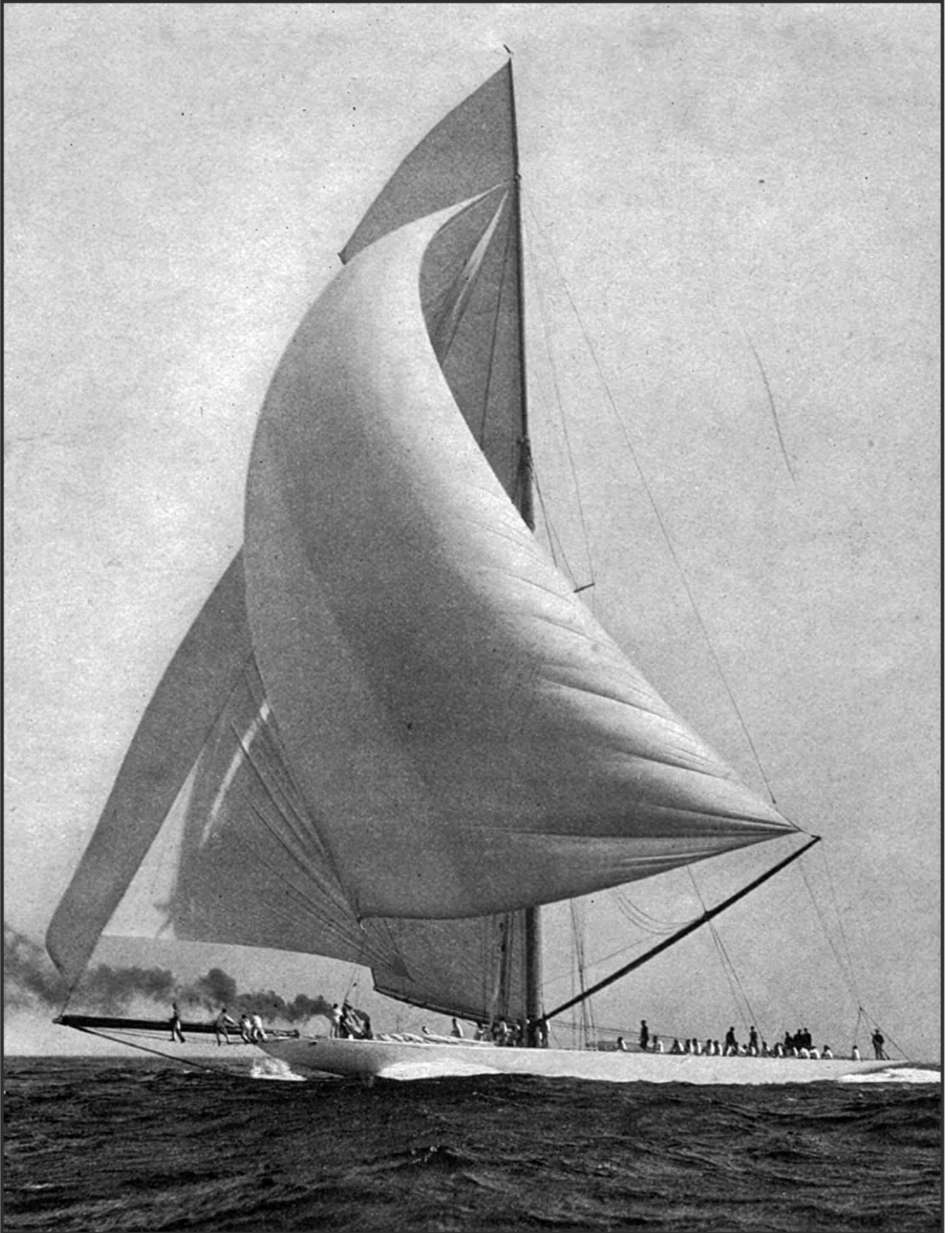


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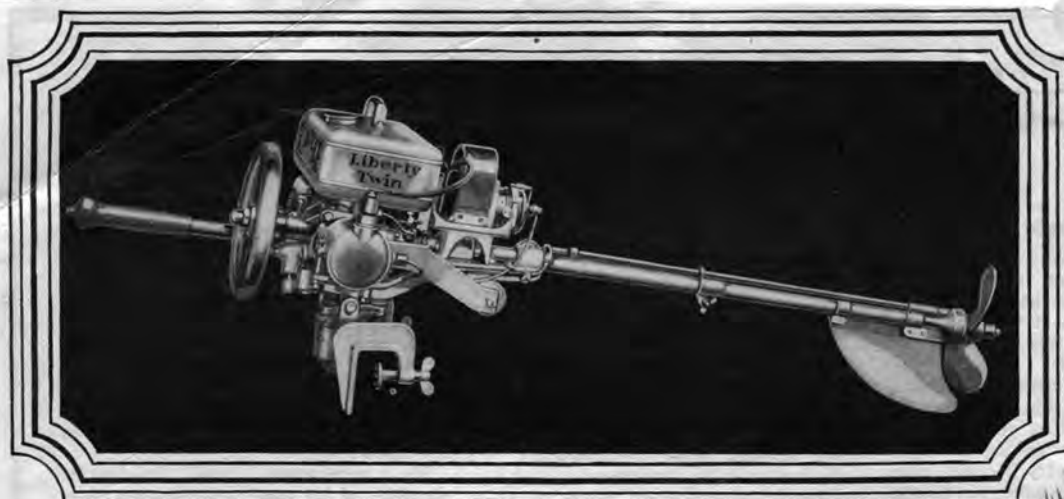
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Bosch Ignition—Zenith Carburetor—Direct Drive

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is the higher and more refined development of the direct drive principle which has proven its correctness over a period of years. It is not new and untried. This principle, combined with twin cylinders, light weight, compactness and

Bosch Ignition

provides a motor unsurpassed by any on the market. It is the only rowboat motor equipped with the Bosch Rocking Type Magneto which was designed by the combined Caille and Bosch engineering staffs. It delivers a uniform hot spark at any speed. Should you ever require ignition service you can secure it from any of the 2,100 Bosch Service Stations throughout America. Flywheel type magnetos can only be serviced from the factory. This means long delays and sacrifice of the motor's use—often when you want it most.

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Simply twisting the grip on the steering handle changes the speed. No timing lever to bother with. The hand that steers controls the speed.

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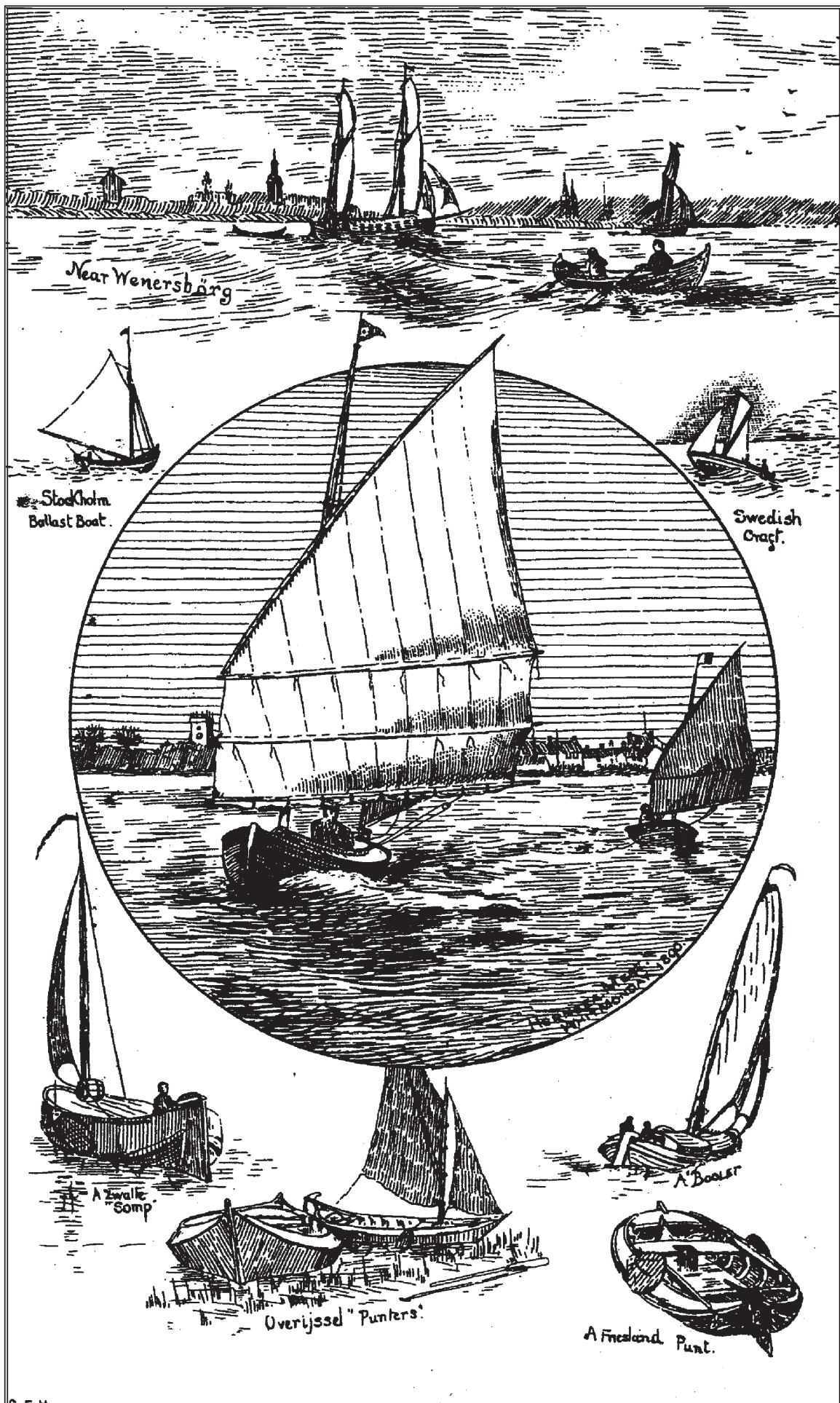


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The Motor That Proved the
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complete with battery ignition. Same principle as the Liberty Twin but of single cylinder design and very moderately priced.

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In recent years the marine bell has been rarely seen aboard sailboats. Owners used them more often as a marine decoration. Even the use of bells to announce ship's time is not generally known today. A few yachts have clocks on board that strike the hour and half hour in "bells." However, in most cases the sound is made not by a bell but by a gong or spiral built into the clock.

Today's four-hour watch system is no different than what it was in Columbus' day. The way of telling time aboard a 15th century sailing ship was with a sandglass that had to be turned every half hour. Every time the glass was turned, the ship's bell was struck.

The marine bell also was used as a call to meals, church services and, in times of danger, it was struck vigorously and rapidly to call all hands on deck or to their battle stations. In the early days marine explorers carried bells aboard ship to ward off evil spirits and dragons believed to live in the oceans.

Bells were hung on the forecastle (often with bell ropes leading to the waist), the quarterdeck, and on the mizzen mast. The striking of the bell on the quarterdeck was often echoed by the larger bell on the forecastle and the call, "All's well," from the lookout.

The bells of sailing vessels were larger than what we see today. They usually were cast with the ship's name and possibly some descriptive scene or saying inscribed on them. Because of their weight and size, they had to be hung on special supports or galleys. To house their bells at sea, the early English erected ornate belfries that looked very much like the roofed entranceways to their buildings. Later, ornate metal dolphin stands took the place of these wood structures.

The early marine bells were sounded by pulling on a bar or yoke that swung the bell against the clapper or tongue. In some cases, especially later when marine bells got smaller and lighter, they were sounded by swinging the clapper against the bell with a bell rope. This is one of the few occasions on board ship that a line can be correctly called a "rope." Bell ropes were, and are, frequently decorated with various examples of marline-spike work ending in a Turk's Head.

In bell "vocabulary" bells are "struck" not "rung." The only time a bell is "rung" is when it is used during a fog or at anchor.

The life of a sailing vessel's bell was a lot shorter than that of a church bell. When a sailing vessel was lost at sea the bell went down with it. If a boat was scrapped, the bell seldom was moved to another vessel because it was thought to bring her bad luck. If a boat was sold it was not considered bad luck, however, to use the old bell on the renamed vessel. It is bad luck for the boat, however, to have her bell damaged in any way, to leave port without it, or to have it ring of its own accord, as in a seaway. The latter is supposed to be the work of Davy Jones and spells trouble.

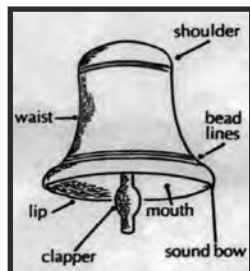
There are some famous sailing ships' bells in existence today. Two are in the museum at



Cast bells have more depth.

The Marine Bell

By Lionel Taylor



Mystic, Connecticut. One belonged to the large five-masted full-rigger *Preussen*, a sailing vessel whose home port was Hamburg, Germany. It was while the big ship was sailing in the English Channel that she was cut off by a cross-channel steamer. She foundered and sank under the Dover cliffs. Only after a devious journey did her ship's bell find its way to the museum.

The plain bell of the only surviving whaler, *Charles W. Morgan*, also can be seen at the Mystic Seaport. Whalers were known for their frugality so this bell has no name or inscription on it. It probably was an "off-the-shelf" item.

Approximately 3,000 miles across the Atlantic Ocean hangs another famous marine bell. It is off the French frigate *Lutine*, built in 1785. Captured by the English, she foundered and sank in the English Channel with millions in coins and bullion aboard. In 1859 divers recovered the frigate's bell along with other booty. It hangs in the offices of Lloyds of London and is struck when an important announcement is to be made to the members.

The making of bells for sailing vessels is an old and exacting business. It is believed that bells and gongs first were made by the Chinese. The first Christian bells were made in sections of one metal and riveted together to look like the present cowbell. In later years, however, western Europeans learned from the Chinese to mix metals and cast bells.

In the modern manufacture of marine bells, the bell metal employed is a mixture of approximately four to five parts copper to tin, whereas in Henry III's day, it was in a ratio of only two-to-one.

Douglas Bevin of Bevin Brothers Manufacturing Co, one of the oldest manufacturers of ship's bells in this country and now celebrating their 150th year in business, said that the type of brass used has to be carefully analyzed so that it will achieve a ringing quality up to their company's high standards. He added that the ringing quality of any bell is directly related to how the bell is formed in the manufacturing process.

Bevin Brothers' ship's bells are all stamped, a forming process in which the bell metal is forced into all corners of a closed die. However, most marine bells are still cast, much as they were back in Henry VII's day.

Some of the foundries that existed in Elizabethan days are still casting marine bells today. One of them is the Whitechapel Bell Foundry in London, England. During a visit not many years ago I found that the series of old buildings that made up the original foundry apparently hadn't changed much in more than 400 years. The low-roofed stone room where small marine and hand bells

were cast utilized the same basic manufacturing process and many of the same type of ovens built hundreds of years before.

Cores of foundry sand, roughly shaped like the inside of a bell, are placed on square metal trays. They then are swept with a crook pivoted from the center of the core to form the exact shape of the inside of the bell.

A clay model or "cope" then is placed over the greased core. The boat's name and sometimes inscriptions are molded in wax upon the clay. The clay and wax then are steamed out in an oven, causing shrinkage in the assembly. This allows the model to be removed, leaving a hollow space in the exact shape of the bell between the core and the cope. Molten metal then is poured into the cavity, taking the shape of the bell, letters and all. In a more modern bell foundry, perforated metal mold cases take the place of the sand core and the clay cope.

In the Whitechapel Foundry there is a room they call the tuning room. Most large bells are tuned or checked for the proper pitch or striking note. These bells are placed in an inverted position on the bed of a vertical turret lathe where metal can be removed, if necessary, to achieve the proper note. The tuner strikes the bell with a padded mallet and then uses a tuning fork or, in some cases, an electronic device, to see if the pitch of the bell is harmonious.

Bells give off more than one sound when they are struck. What we hear is a combination of sounds. The "perfect" bell rings its main note when struck by the clapper at the bottom or the sound bow of the bell. When struck above this point it produces a higher pitch. Therefore, in reality, a good quality bell sounds a pleasing chord.

Believe it or not, whatever manufacturing process is used, bells are supposed to conform to the requirements of Part 2 of Annex 3 of the International Regulations of Preventing Collisions at Sea, the 72 COLREGS. All this basically means is that you should purchase your bell from a recognized manufacturer. Prominent companies like Perko, Inc of Miami, Florida, with 75 years in the business, submit construction and performance data on their bells to the US Coast Guard where they are reviewed and approved for use if the requirements are met.

Marine bells are sold in various sizes according to the bottom diameter dimension and the weight (light, medium, or heavy).

Basically, if you have a boat 20m (66') or less in length you can use a 6" to a 10" diameter bell and meet Coast Guard requirements. Any vessel longer than 20m should have a bell with a minimum bottom diameter of 12".

There is a traditional relationship that exists between the size of the boat and the striking note of the marine bell. Vessels 25' to 66' long use a bell tuned to the musical note of A flat; those more than 66' feet, A natural; still larger vessels, more than 100 tons, use B natural; others, like tugboats, D flat. The pitch identifies the relative size of boats in a fog. This method has been employed successfully by historians through the years to determine

the size of a boat when no historical record is available.



Stamped bells look like this.

Sometimes, when hove-to off Swan Point on Barnegat Bay, New Jersey, on a brisk off-season morning, the crackling woodstove at my elbow reminds me of all those fishermen in all those small boats who were kept warm by the likes of my little Sardine stove. Wood-fired heaters were originally built to this design by the Lunenburg Foundry starting in 1891 and used by fishermen and sailors in Nova Scotia and other cold water fisheries. These solid-fuel cabin stoves were often the only thing that kept those frozen-fingered fishermen alive, hauling cod and halibut from winter waters in the late 19th and early 20th centuries. Solid comfort indeed. Lunenburg Foundries ceased production of these stoves in 1993.

Navigator Stove Works on Orcas Island, Washington, made my Sardine stove. Andrew Moore founded the company to revive several of the discontinued ship stoves of the Lunenburg Foundry. His operation started in 1999, first in Brooklyn, New York, and now in Washington. In addition to the Sardine he offers the larger Little Cod and Halibut models. The Little Cod is a "two hole" woodstove suitable for larger boats and rooms up to 300sf. The wood or coal-burning Halibut model is the largest, it has an oven and is big enough for a large boat or small cottage. All models come standard with a stove polish finish or with a porcelain coating. My Sardine has the green porcelain coating. I recently learned that it's now offered in red, too.

The stove is compact enough, at about a cubic foot, to fit into *Sjogin's* quite small cabin. *Sjogin* is our 45-year-old Swedish koster. She's 22' overall, double-ended, with lapstrake construction in the Baltic fashion. Her provenance is still up for grabs though, as we have no clear idea of her designer or true type. She has minimal furniture below (a few boxes and seats) but lots of sprawling space. We've had her for more than 20 years, most of the time spent in commission in coastal New Jersey. We lay her up for the month of August each year to perform the yearly maintenance, so most of my sailing is done in the off-season. In a way our sailing season has a climate matching a location a lot farther north than coastal New Jersey.

For the first 15 years (save for one season with a Shipmate stove) we sailed *Sjogin* at the mercy of the elements. The last four years with the Sardine stove have made off-season sailing a real treat. Even when occasionally iced in and dockbound a trip down to *Sjogin* for a fire and a cup of tea, while sitting down below, is a treat. There is a certain comfort in ritual as well; using the ship's knife to carve shavings, the splitting of cedar scraps into kindling, the laying of the fire, the occasional whiff of burning wood, and the comforting roar when the fire takes hold all contribute to the sense of well being. I find that it takes only a few minutes from getting on board until the fire can look after itself while I get underway.

The Sardine Woodstove

Reviewed by Russell Manheimer



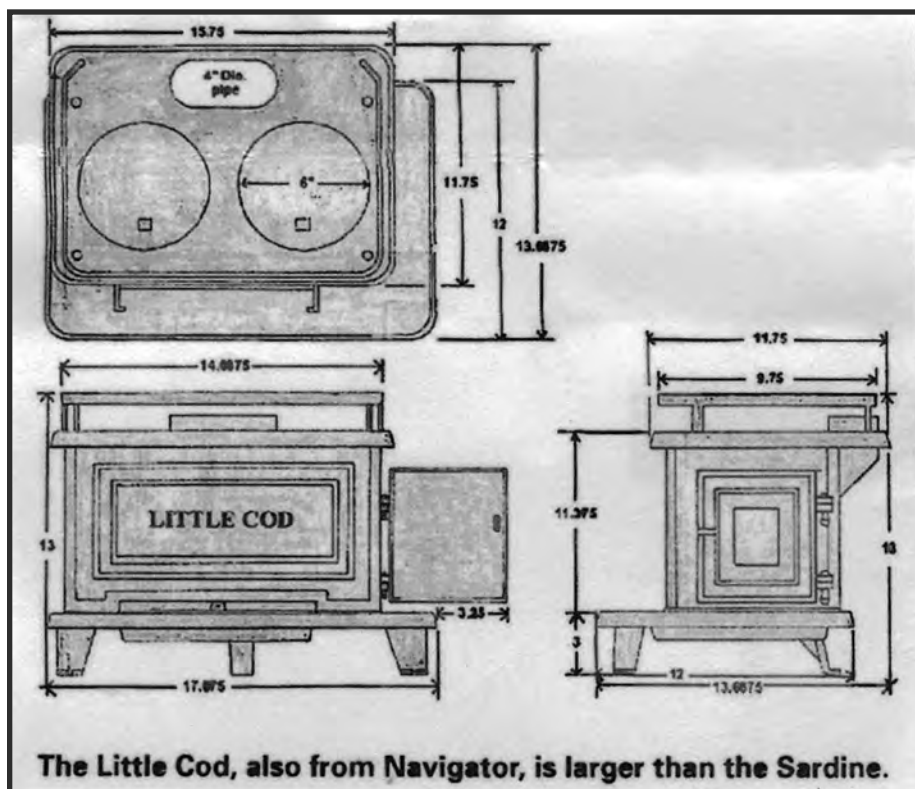
The stove is useful in my waters as late as early June when northeasters bring in chilled ocean air across the barrier beach


and as early as late September when the first northwesterly cold front comes through. Our little Sardine is large enough for a small skillet or kettle, though not at the same time.


Navigator provides all of the gear required to install and use their stoves, from deck irons to smoke heads to shielding material. They also can supply bronze alcohol burner inserts that fit into the stove openings for warm weather cooking. In a pinch we could also fashion a wire basket for a can of Sterno. Navigator maintains a comprehensive website that covers all needed specifications and installation instructions. There is even a forum where customers can discuss all things stove related and share photographs of stove installations. Mr Moore has made a significant contribution to the marine community by resurrecting these comforting stoves and their attendant gear. Although the cost of a new Sardine stove, especially with the porcelain finish, is somewhat dear (\$699 for a plain iron finish and \$1,364 for red porcelain), it is practically indestructible, even with indifferent care.


What a joy this little stove has proven to be. The Sardine makes the off-season sailing I've adapted to that much more pleasurable. If you have a spot on board that could fit one of these, consider extending your season and your well-being by bringing one onboard for solid comfort. To lightly paraphrase L. Francis Herreshoff, "A good solid fuel stove can be the best inorganic thing on a boat."

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From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

In past articles I have mentioned a number of non-nautical storage containers and tools for the reader's consideration. Dental floss tape is handy for whipping the ends of lines, sewing a patch in a sail, or simply tying things together. Scotch® Tape is good for holding nuts in wrenches and screws on the tip of a screwdriver. And then there is duct tape.

The catalogs are full of "abandon ship bags" (a happy thought) for those who sail offshore. For the rest of us, any wide-mouth plastic container with a tight, screw-on lid will probably do nicely. What we want is a container that will hold our wallet, car keys, loose change, etc. and float with all that therein. If the container has a built-in handle, even better. Cat litter containers, pet treat holders, and some of the pool chemical containers meet the general requirements and can be obtained from friends or neighbors who have pets or pools. We can test a container by weighing all the stuff usually carried and then putting that weight in things that can get wet into the container. Put the lid on and drop it into a bucket of water (or swimming pool). Did it float to the surface? Is everything inside still dry? If "yes" to both questions, we have our "abandon ship bag." If not, try again with something else. We need to remember that we need to have our stuff in the container/bag and ready to go before we have to abandon ship.

For general storage, someone who has a lot of cats and purchases the cat litter in one of the economy sized "tubs" will have a perfect holder for all kinds of things on a boat. The lid fits tightly and we can get to everything in the container with little trouble. The nice part about the tubs described is that they are rectangular in shape and fit nicely under some cockpit seats or in an "out of the way" place on the boat.

Tape (transparent, electrical, or duct) is very useful. As noted in the first paragraph, tape can be used to hold a nut in a wrench so we only need one hand to get the nut where we want it located. We put the tape across the back side of the wrench and push the nut onto the sticky side showing in the wrench opening. The nut will stay there until we have started it firmly on the bolt (or have screwed the bolt into the nut). The "feel" for the thread is not there but the nut should remain with the wrench instead of falling into the bilge (or some other less than accessible location). If we fold the tape onto itself to make it double sticky we can wrap it over the tip of a single slot screwdriver and then stick the screw head thereon. It usually helps to use the next size down screwdriver to have room for the bit and tape in the slot.

Round toothpicks and pointed tweezers have a place in our tool box. The colored toothpicks that we see stuck in fruit can be used to push small line through a restricted opening and pointed tweezers can be used to grab the line and pull it on through. The same type of toothpick can be used as a "wedge" as they are made out of a fairly strong wood. Also of possible use is a set of bamboo chopsticks for pushing line if a toothpick is too small. In addition to the toothpick and dental tape additions to our tool box, we have a couple of used tooth brushes. The soft bristles can be very handy in cleaning without scratching.

In our race committee work we need some temporary race marks from time to time. At the moment I have a commercial float (foam base, fiberglass rod, and lead weight on the bottom). I used to have one made out of a pool float used to hold chlorine tablets, part of a broom stick, a length of aluminum tubing, and a chunk of lead. I made a hole in the bottom of the base of the float for the broom handle to go through, had a wood spacer at the opening in the top of the float, and tied the float to the broom handle to hold things in place. With the lead attached to the bottom of the stick, the aluminum tube on the top for additional height, and a mooring system (concrete in a plastic jug with an eye bolt sticking out the top and line attached thereto), all was well.

I had to replace the chlorine float in the pool the other day so I thought I would use the float to build a spare race mark. Unfortunately the case had deteriorated along the top and it will not be usable as a float. Sometimes we simply cannot re-use an item as desired. However, I have on the boat a red, 5gal plastic bucket with a secure lid that can be used for a temporary mark. Some people use a good anchor, chain, and rode for holding race marks.

Unless there is strong wave action, most temporary racing marks (inflated with an air pump of some sort or a simple float) can be anchored with a 1gal plastic jug (with the top cut out but the handle left) full of concrete with an eye bolt (with large washer at the bottom and nut) out the top. I use 1/4" nylon line tied to the eye with an anchor bend knot. We leave the handle part of the jug (if possible) to give us something more to grip when lowering/retrieving the "anchor." It's not pretty but the plastic protects the boat, the concrete provides weight, and all is well (usually).

Most of the books and publications on boat building and repair show a nice workshop with all the necessary equipment. I do not have all the necessary equipment so I either use what I have or find someone with the needed device(s). I purchased a very nice, single-loop teak hand rail that had the holes pre-drilled for the fasteners. After mounting the hand rail on the port side I decided to put one on the starboard side of the boat. However, none of the single-loop teak hand rails in the store were pre-drilled (neither were the multi-loop hand rails). I do not have a drill press. Hence, I asked a Tai Chi colleague who is into woodworking who she would recommend to drill the needed holes for the fasteners. She said she would do it if I provided the directions. Thus, I have the hand rail ready for installation. Like my search for a 90° 1.5" copper elbow, sometimes my best tool is the people I know who either know the person I need to contact or has the equipment and ability to help me.

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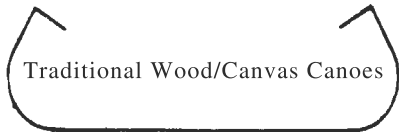
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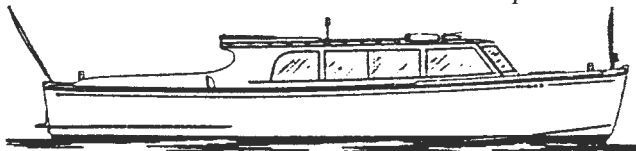


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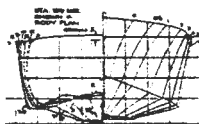
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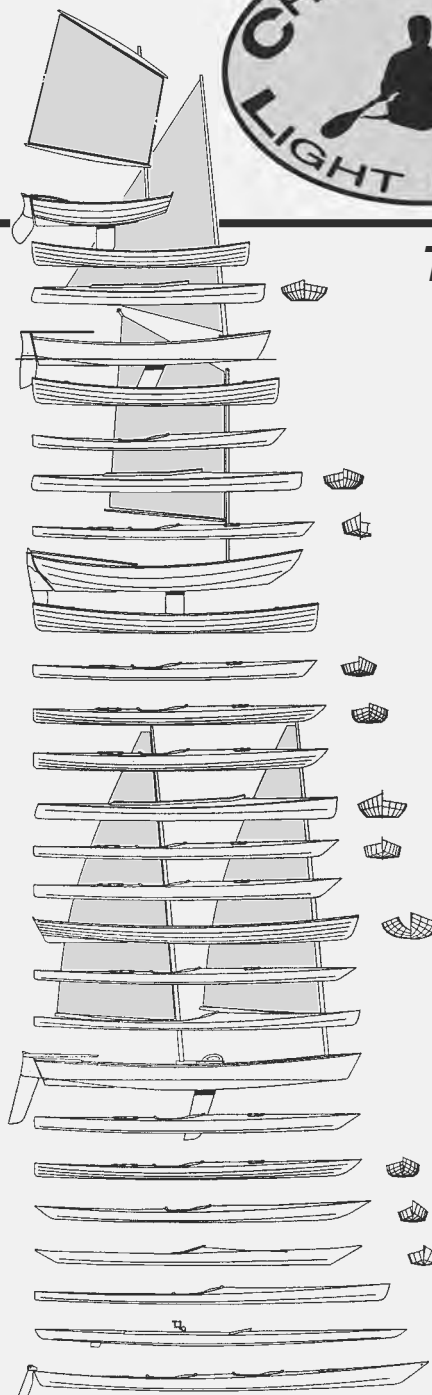
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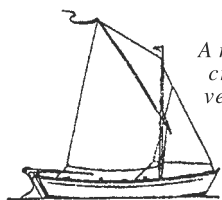
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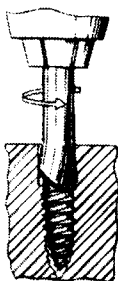
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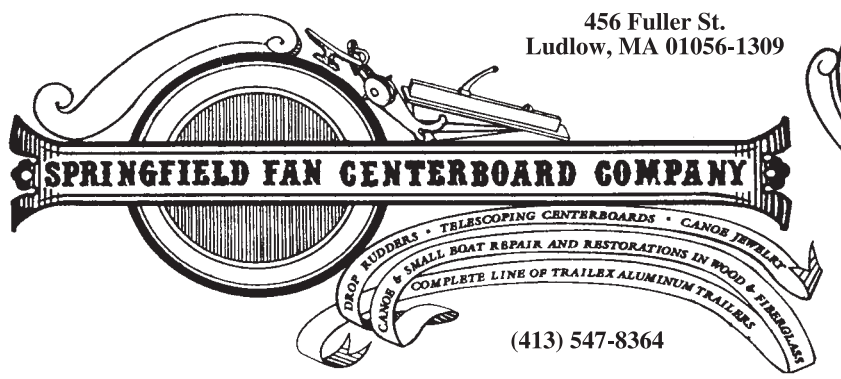
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14' Piscataqua Wherry in gd cond, mast & sails exc. Cost new Bay of Maine \$9,850, sell \$2,500. MERVYN TAYLOR, Lincolnville, ME, (207) 763-3533, merv@tidewater.net (11)



Maryland Crab Skiff, custom-built turn-of-the-century design built '99. Exc cond. 13-1/2' long, 100lbs, rows like a dream. Fish the old fashioned way, silently under oars. \$2,200. CAPT. RICHARD K. REESE, Swainton, NJ, (609) 465-7676. (11)



18' Drascombe Driver, '74, vy gd cond, blue w/ tanbark sails, new 6hp Kohler I/B w/controllable pitch prop, oars, rebuilt trlr. \$4,900. DAVID ANDERSON, Waterboro, ME, (207) 247-3784, drascombe@roadrunner.com (12)

Beetle Cat, '81 bronze fastened. Fleet reduction sale. Older sail, bleed a bit but a great sailer. Went out many times this summer from Owls Head, ME. \$2,700. **18' West Point Skiff Project**, out of water for 3 years. Decent trlr. '05 25hp 4-stroke Mercury O/B w/few hours. Cleaning out the yard. \$3,200. PAUL MURRAY, Storrs, CT, (860) 429-1661, pmurray2@charter.net (12)

23' O'Day Sloop, ca '73 w/rf wo/engine, w/keel/cb. No trlr. Set price cash \$999. Mostly needs titivation! CASS, Skowhegan, ME, (207) 683-2435, dc.cass@gmail.com (11)

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14'2" Peapod, beam 4'5", designed by John Gardner. Meticulously built by Robert Hobbs, Carver, MA in '00. Oukume glued lap construction, tight as a bottle. Oak keel, frames, stems, copper rivets, bronze screws, solid mahogany seats, trim, sheerstrakes finished bright. Float tested by USCG, approved for 5 people and/or 800lbs. Best in Salem Wooden Boat Show. Twice completed Blackburn Challenge rowed by Hugh Bishop. My next longitude will be about 90W GMT, I guess I've had about enough. \$3,800. ED HAWKES, Marblehead, MA, (781) 631-2359 (12)



13' Jimmy Skiff, see at www.cleboats.com. '95 Mercury O/B 4hp 2-stroke. Compl w/oars, anchor & line, battery powered running lights, gas tank, fenders, bilge pump etc. NO TRLR. \$750 firm. GENE GIFFORDS, Long Island, NY, (631) 206-1261, gene3521@hotmail.com (12)

16'1" Ranger Canoe, '06 Otter, blue w/ash trim, kevlar re-inforced fg. Custom cover by Bag Lady. \$650. ROCCO AUTORINO, Deland, FL, (386) 717-6437 (11)

12" Acorn Skiff. Designed by Oughtred. Professionally built. Vy gd cond. W/sail rig. \$3,500. JERRY HAINES, St. Michaels, MD, (410) 745-3200, pork is good@msn.com (11)

Exploration 18 Sailboat, double ender, gunter rigged, battened main w/2 sets reef points, jib & fine pair leathered spruce oars. Galv trlr, all absolutely pristine. LOA 18', beam 5'. Expedition boat, blue fg hull w/varnished Sitka spars & ma-hog interior. Located Ottawa, Ontario. Asking \$6,000. BURTON BLAIS, Ontario, (613) 759-1267 (days), (613) 989-3517, Leave email address if preferred (11)



15' Wooden Banks Dory, rugged replica of the classic cod fishing dories, built in '03 at the Maine Maritime Museum Boat Shop. Little used, watertight & freshly painted. Perfect for messing about in boats. Asking \$2,500obo. HANS WAECKER, Georgetown, ME, (207) 371-2282 (12)



Traditional Sailboat, Nimble Yawl, '90, 24' (28'loa) 8.3' beam; exc shape; c.b. shoal draft, double-ended, green topsides w/white trim; newly-restored teak & holly cabin sole, 4 bunks over 6' in length, galley, bronze portholes, all teak veneer interior, w/c/b dining table, enclosed head, wet locker, low-hour 8hp Honda O/B in well, w/teak table cover, new khaki-colored sails (by Harding, Marion, MA), custom sail cover, custom cockpit awning, roller furling jib, Garmin GPSmap 198C Sounder, Chelsea bronze clock & barometer, Weber custom-fit grill, NEW life jackets, custom cockpit cushions, new sheets & other extras. For first 5 years, this boat was unused, stored indoors. Call to talk & arrange visit. H.S. SHERRILL, Providence, RI, (617) 877-4992 (12)

Cape Dory 27, '80 classic Alberg design. Ex cond, VHS, GPS, full keel, depth finder, roller furling jib, bimini, ice box, stove, sink, bronze ports, Yanmar Diesel, new head. Located Kilmarnock, VA. \$16,500. GARY T. SWIFT, Kilmarnock, VA, (804) 435-6012. (12)

3 Ultra Light Boats: Bart Hathaway Kayak, 12'6", Sugar Island (like Rob Roy, but bigger), 28lbs. My cost \$1,800, for \$900 cash. **Compass Cayak**, 12'6" Rushton design, 24lbs. My cost \$1,450, for \$800 cash. **We*No*Nah Heron**, 15' Canoe, 34.5lbs. My cost \$1,600, for \$900 cash. LEON POTHIER, Westfield, MA, (413) 562-2216 (12)

3 More Boats: Ladybug Flat Iron Wooden Skiff, 18' w/25hp 4-stroke Tohatsu w/full controls & electric start. All extra gear & folding top, Coast Guard equipment, etc, 3 years old, vy little use. My cost \$9,000, for \$4,900 cash, Trlr extra, \$900. **Aluminum Tracker**, 15', 9.9hp 4-stroke Merc, lot's of extras, vy little use. My cost \$6,000, for \$2,800 cash. Trlr extra \$600. **Lightning Hull**, cedar wood, vy nice, first \$400 cash. LEON POTHIER, Westfield, MA, (413) 562-2216 (12)

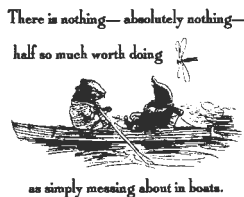
14' Mini sail, fg hull, aluminum spars, new sail. \$850/bo. **17' Cooper Trimaran**, epoxy plywood, Hobie 16 sail w/roller furl jib, aluminum mast/boom. Trlr. \$1,500/bo. MIKE MULLANEY, Johnston, RI, (401) 942-3722 (12)

BOATS WANTED

Aquarius 23 Sailboat, Folding Kayak. KEN PAGANS, Corpus Christi, TX, (461) 442-4351, grove777@aol.com (12)

GEAR FOR SALE

Spoon Blade Oars, pair from The Oar House. 7-1/2' long, incl round horns & top mount sockets. Nd refinishing. \$35. CAPT. BOB HOYLE, Punta Gorda, FL, (941) 637-5724 (11)



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Ash Cleats Pair, \$30 delivered. WINTERS BROTHERS, 4555 II Road, Garden, MI 49835 (410)

Trailex Trailer, '06 Model SYT 2590-MZ alum. Will carry 2 canoes or kayaks or small boat. Exc cond. \$750. ROCCO AUTORINO, Deland, FL, (386) 717-6437 (11)

Old O/B Motors, various states of disrepair: 5 Johnson 5hp twins, alum tanks & cowl, green. 1 Johnson single (tiny), 1.5hp? 1 Scott 1-14 single w/shift, power head disassembled, ??hp, dark blue/green tank & cowl. 1 Firestone single, 3.5hp? 1 Champion single, ??hp, silver, aluminum tank & cowl. All or part of lot. Make offer. Cash only, must pick up. WILLIAM R. DONK, Victor/Rochester, NY, (585) 742-8069. (12)

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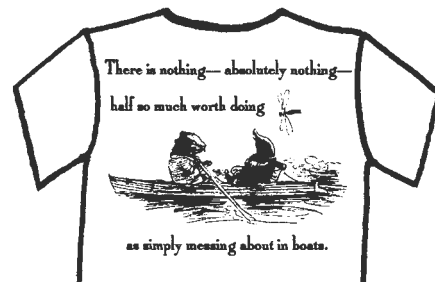
Alice 12' 10lb Folding Kayak, \$100 for full-scale plans & instructions. See May '09 article in MAIB or send \$5 or e-mail address for color copy of article. C. CORWIN, Box 689, Ketchum, ID 83340, alicebat@cox.net (12)

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Those of you with good or even passable memories will recognize this as a re-cycled ad. In truth, we're starting to run out of ideas.

Tom Peters is a customer. He's also the author of *In Search of Excellence*, *A Passion for Excellence* and dozens of other books. He may be the best known business consultant in the world.

We've never actually met the man. We're talked to him on the phone, exchanged e-mails and letters....but a face-to-face meeting?.....not yet.

Steve & Dave,

Some people can live with one of your Adirondack Guide Boats. I'm not one of them. I bought my first AGB in early 1999. I have loved to row for over a half century. (I started, age 5, on the Severn River, near Annapolis, in 1947.) But the Adirondack Guide Boat experience was, well, t-o-t-a-l-l-y different.

The speed! The weight! The style! I loved it. At first sight! I wanted it – desperately – for my new home on Cape Poge. (The tail end, totally inaccessible, of Martha's Vineyard.)

After a two-week sojourn in the Cape Poge Bay environs, rowing every day, I returned home to Vermont. And I soon found myself suffering from withdrawal symptoms.

The good news: an upcoming anniversary. The double good news: One of the Board members of my wife's company is CEO of the Vermont Country Store, which carries your boats

So I begged for Boat No.2 ... to row on Lake Saint Catherine, just 4 miles from my VT home. There is a God ... her name is Susan.

There is a God ... his name is Steve Kaulback.

The anniversary came.

I now own Adirondack Guide Boat No.2.

I row.

I am content.

Best regards,

Tom

